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End of an Era

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE shock of the President's death, the profound dismay, as powerfully felt in Moscow and Paris and Mexico City as in Washington, spring from something even deeper than love and respect for a great leader. The people have lost a leader, but they have lost something more. With the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt an era has ended; and the people of the world are moved by apprehension as well as sorrow.

This feeling has little to do with the personality or purposes of the new President; little to do with the great tasks of finishing a war and making a peace. It has everything to do with the role Mr. Roosevelt has played, the degree to which he came to symbolize, for a whole struggling generation, their hope of security and freedom, of release from intolerable oppression.

Drawing by Charles Liedl. Courtesy *PM*.

We may tell ourselves, as hundreds of leading citizens are daily telling us in print and over the air, that we must face with something of Mr. Roosevelt's own courage the battles that lie ahead; we may explain to ourselves the excellent resources of compensation and recuperation to be found in the democratic system of government. But these reminders are hardly necessary. For neither the American people nor the people of other lands will yield to despair. They will do their duty, and our government will adjust itself to its loss. Without doubt every official in Washington, from Mr. Truman down, has summoned all his powers to meet the challenge the death of his chief has flung down. This rallying of forces may be taken for granted. But even courage and a sense of responsibility will not be enough to exorcise the deep uneasiness that has lent a tone of desperation to the great outpouring of emotion we have witnessed. When people lose a friend they grieve; when they lose a cherished symbol their world is shaken.

It is necessary to recognize and examine this fact. President Roosevelt's hold on the imagination of people everywhere is a phenomenon whose immense political importance will be even more apparent now than while he lived. We shall realize now to what degree he was identified in the minds of men and women in other countries with the disinterested power of America, its reckless vitality, its commitment to the cause of freedom and international recuperation. All these qualities with which a suffering world has hopefully endowed this country were embodied in the person of our dead President. To countless millions, *he was America.*

We shall realize, too, how completely he had come to represent in our own minds similar elements in the nation's domestic make-up. The ordinary people of the United States had, to an extraordinary degree, accepted the President's acts as a measure of the country's advancement and consigned to his hands their interests and hopes. They did not trust the Democratic Party or the Administration as a whole; they trusted Roosevelt. Even when he seemed to compromise or retreat they were content to wait until he found it expedient to swing back to his own basic line. To millions of Americans, *he was the New Deal,* all it gave or promised them personally.

The political consequences of this sense of identification between the leader who has gone and the people who followed him will be felt in every part of our society. Men fighting in the mountains of northern Italy, workers on assembly lines in Detroit or Los Angeles will be inclined to new ways of thinking and acting because he is dead. Heads of states will orient their policies differently. Business men will make new plans.

When I say an era has ended I do not imply that the Administration under the leadership of Harry S. Truman will move to wipe out the social gains of the past twelve years or falter in the prosecution of the war and the preparation for peace. That nothing drastic will happen is indicated by the first acts of the new President. It may even turn out that certain important measures planned and initiated by Mr. Roosevelt will be carried through more easily by Mr. Truman. The very fact that he is a neutral figure and a conciliatory sort of man may tend to dissolve the tensions that had developed

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around the towering person of his predecessor. The Administration will do all it can, I believe, to mitigate the anxiety of the people, here and abroad, by maintaining at least for the immediate future the program and governmental set-up established under Mr. Roosevelt.

But a basic change has occurred just the same, and it would be dishonest to deny it. The balance of political forces has shifted to the right. Anti-Roosevelt newspapers announce this with decorous satisfaction even in the midst of their eulogies of the late President. The shift will probably be an unobtrusive one: men will be brought to greater power whom the President also used; other men will resign not because they are thrust out but because they will no longer feel the underlying democratic drift that sustained so many progressive office-holders in spite of disappointments and setbacks. The "right-of-center, feet-on-the-ground liberalism" of Harry S. Truman will gradually be translated into practical political language.

If the substance of the New Deal is to be salvaged and if this country is to adopt the measures necessary to prevent post-war collapse and unemployment and the political consequences that would follow them, a new and much more solid alignment of progressive forces is called for. Even under the influence of Mr. Roosevelt these forces had to create all the pressure they could muster to offset the pressure from the right. Now they are on their own, with a harder job to do. They will succeed only if they realize their exact situation and make plans to meet it.

That situation has been partly shaped by the profound identification referred to above between the people—especially the people with conscious progressive leanings—and the leader they have lost. Throughout the last twelve years the progressive political movement in this country has slowly crystallized around Mr. Roosevelt. It has not developed—or had a chance to develop—an independent program or national leadership. The most effective, politically conscious sections of organized labor owe their very birth and growth to the New Deal. Roosevelt has been their leader and their permanent candidate; he has been the image of their hopes. In the President and the New Deal lay the strength of the whole progressive movement—and its weakness. In the degree to which American progressivism has been dependent on the President, it must experience a readjustment of values, a process of reintegration, before it can face adequately the new demands which will be made upon it. The progressive forces in America will have to grow up now and grow up fast. Events will not wait upon a slow process of maturing.

Luckily some progress toward independence has been measured in the last year. The forces marshaled in the C. I. O.-Political Action Committee have shown already their capacity for discipline and militant action. That they drew much of their vitality from their union with the President cannot be denied: it was the P. A. C. fighting for Franklin D. Roosevelt that generated power. But the workers who provide the mass base for the committee are a cohesive group that can develop its own program and find its own candidates. At present it is strongly opposed to the idea of a third party. That attitude was inevitable during the Roosevelt era; whether it can be maintained in the future depends upon a variety of factors. Chief among them will be its success in the 1946 elections. The Congressional fight next year will provide the first major test of the capacity, not only of the P. A. C. but of American progressives of all sorts, to meet the challenge of independent political action.

Leaders must be found. Many will undoubtedly come out of the labor movement; Sidney Hillman himself is fast achieving stature as a national figure. Others will come out of the ranks of the government. The future of such men as Mr. Wallace and Mr. Ickes is uncertain; sooner or later they may be available. And one person who has been cut off from active political leadership is now, tragically, released for a new role: Eleanor Roosevelt, the best New Dealer of them all, should certainly be pressed into service. We know her well enough to feel certain that neither grief nor desire for rest and retirement will for long isolate her from the fight to which she has contributed so much energy and valor and wisdom.

The death of Mr. Roosevelt may mean the coming of age of the progressive political forces in America. If it means that, then slowly the dismay of the people, here and throughout the world, will be replaced by a new sense of power and confidence.

America and the Coalition

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THE deep anxiety with which the world learned of the death of President Roosevelt proves how delicate and complicated is considered the task of organizing the peace. It was the most eloquent recognition that, complete as the military victory of the United Nations is certain to be, the political problems multiplying ahead of us are both difficult and decisive. Most important of them all is the problem of maintaining unity among the victors in the years to come.

We must not forget that the war will end with fascism defeated in the field but still alive and waiting to benefit by any disagreement among the Allies. The problem is too large to be solved by the punishment of a few thousand war criminals or by spectacular trials of fascists and collaborators. The only guaranty against the success of the Nazi plan for surviving military defeat lies in Allied unity. That is why it was necessary to support the decisions made at Yalta; Yalta cemented the coalition, and the continuance of cooperation among Russia, Britain, and the United States is the essential condition of peace. We may hope that the coalition will be strengthened, enlarged, made more democratic—but it must be maintained. That President Roosevelt understood. He understood what everyone with a sense of political responsibility would have understood if controversies over Russia had not distorted their political thinking—the absolute necessity of working closely with the Soviet Union.

The realistic approach manifested in Mr. Churchill's now famous speech on the day Germany attacked Russia won overwhelming approval. President Roosevelt carried forward Mr. Churchill's realism. He saw beyond the hour when Germany would collapse, a beaten nation, and was convinced of the need, not only for emergency collaboration, but for perma-

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nent collaboration. The Russians realized this very clearly. I do not mean that they rubbed their hands over the concessions they could win from the President, but that they were relieved at last of the heavy burden of mistrust they had borne for two and a half decades. At the head of the strongest nation in the world was a man who believed that the future of his country was dependent upon the future of the coalition.

The coalition is at a stage when mutual confidence among the three national leaders is of primary importance to the forging of a completely articulated policy and to the content of a pact of unity. Just at this critical stage one of the three has disappeared—the one who stood at the center, the one best qualified to exercise a conciliatory influence at a moment of crisis. The President of the United States spoke for a country less directly involved in controversial European issues than the other two chief members of the coalition. He could play the role of an intermediary between the divergent interests of the Russian non-capitalist state and the British Tory government. He was a master of the art of finding a workable compromise between opposing political tendencies.

Now that he is no longer with us, even greater vigilance must be exercised to prevent irreparable setbacks during the testing period of the coalition—that is, in the first year or two after the war. That there was no constructive alternative to the course followed by Roosevelt is proved by the fact that the first important step in foreign affairs taken by his successor was to ask Stalin to send Molotov to San Francisco. The promptness with which Moscow agreed indicates, on the other hand, that the Soviet Union is unwilling to risk being held responsible for any weakening of the coalition or for possible damage to the conference.

It should not be forgotten that terrible injury might be caused to the structure of peace without an open break between the major Allies. Indeed, a break is almost inconceivable. But it would be enough if one of the members of the coalition should retreat into any kind of isolation or separatism and, instead of building its policy on mutual confidence, should build it exclusively on its own strength. If that should happen, an era of unilateral *faits accomplis* would inevitably follow.

Vigilance on the part of the progressive forces must be greater than ever because, as could have been expected, reaction is everywhere on the offensive and will not hesitate to take full advantage of the disappearance of one of the chief architects of the coalition. If any new proof were needed that the fight ahead will be a hard one, we have the statement of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of the United States on San Francisco, pronouncing "democracy and Marxism incompatible" and filled from beginning to end with an irreconcilably anti-Russian spirit. This document manages to combine legitimate criticism of the weaknesses of Dumbarton Oaks with an underlying attack on the whole idea of collaboration. Like so many political pronouncements of the church, it is liberalism firmly rooted in reaction. It must be taken as a threat; the first openly aggressive move against the Allied security plan and the work of President Roosevelt.

Support Bretton Woods

EVERY organization which wishes to see a stable peace achieved must throw every ounce of its energies into the fight to obtain Congressional approval of the Bretton Woods monetary agreements. If we cannot win the Bretton Woods battle in Congress, it is unlikely that we can muster the strength necessary to obtain a two-thirds' vote in the Senate for the new international peace organization. And even if the plans made at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco are approved, a new world security organization cannot be built without the Bretton Woods agreements. We cannot have world political stability if the nations of the earth feel free to, even compelled to, indulge in competitive currency depreciation. Nations engaged in cutthroat monetary competition cannot be expected to remain friendly. The Bretton Woods agreements, as Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson said in his extraordinarily able presentation of the issues before the House Banking and Currency Committee recently, represent "a sort of economic disarmament." Their basis, Acheson well declared, "is the conception of an expanding economy and collective security through common action."

An odd coalition of big New York bankers, high-tariff advocates, silverites, and isolationists are opposing the Bretton Woods agreements, as are those who are covertly sympathetic to Nazi revival after the war. With the exception of the silverites, who may yet be won over, these opponents fear an expanding full-employment economy after the war. W. Randolph Burgess, president of the American Bankers Association, indicated as much in his testimony against the proposed international monetary-stabilization fund. It was pointed out to him that the United States and the British Commonwealth between them would have a majority of the votes on the Fund, and he was asked by Mrs. Woodhouse of Connecticut whether this Anglo-American majority would not be a sufficient guaranty of conservative management. Burgess said he wasn't sure about Britain. "She is very much dependent on her trade with other countries who will buy from her," he said, "so it will be to her interest, immediately after the war, to have an expanding world trade, so that I am not sure she will be on the side of going carefully."

"The Bretton Woods agreements," Secretary Morgenthau explained to the committee in a lucid and graphic opening statement, "deal with two problems. One is the problem of providing capital to repair the devastation of war and for development purposes. The other is the problem of establishing a system of fair monetary practices that will promote trade instead of hindering it." The Bank is so super-conservative in its set-up that even the big New York bankers can hardly oppose it openly, though they prefer the old Bank for International Settlements, which they and their opposite numbers abroad could more easily control. The Wall Street crowd, the tail which wags the dog of the American Bankers Association, say they are for the Bank but not the Fund. They would have currency-stabilization loans made by the Bank itself.

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This is an odd and a dangerous position. We stand to gain most from the Fund. At Bretton Woods the right to membership in the Bank was made conditional on participation in the Fund. The Bank, in a sense, was the sugar-coating for the Fund. This is because the Fund is more than a source of currency-stabilization, short-term loans. It is the heart of a multilateral agreement to maintain stable currencies. As Edward E. Brown, the thoughtful and progressive chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Chicago, explained to the committee, the Fund would "end the nuisance of multiple currencies . . . do away with competitive exchange depreciation . . . prevent the use of currency manipulation and depreciation for predatory political and economic purposes." To scrap the Fund is to scrap the agreements that go with it.

The big New York bankers like Winthrop Aldrich of Chase National, who are fighting Bretton Woods, stand to lose by it in a political sense. They would no longer be able to dictate reactionary and deflationary policies to borrowing countries. They and their opposite numbers could no longer use flights of capital to blackjack progressive governments, as was done to the Popular Front in France. But for American workers, farmers, business men, and the rank and file of bankers Bretton Woods offers a means of stabilizing and expanding world economy and world markets. Wall Street's dog-in-the-manger attitude must not be allowed to block the greatest single step we could take to a secure world.

The Shape of Things

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S GREATNESS WAS NEVER more apparent than in the tragic hours immediately after she heard the news of the President's death. "I am more sorry for the people of the country and the world than I am for us," was her first response: it revealed an inner nobility of spirit; a quick sure insight into the full meaning of tragedy that lifted her above the sudden shock of personal loss. When she cabled her four sons, "He did his job to the end as he would want you to do," it was as if she anticipated the renewed resolve that must have come into the heart of every soldier, sailor, and airman when the news reached him. And when she said to the new President, "Tell us what we can do to help," she spoke for millions of grief-stricken American citizens who wished to insure by some personal commitment that Franklin Delano Roosevelt's work would go on. During the twelve years she was in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt came to be the spokesman and the conscience of the common people of America. Her courage, her wisdom, and above all her unflagging devotion to the cause of the neglected and the oppressed are needed for the months ahead. There is more than a little sense in the suggestion of one columnist that Mrs. Roosevelt be appointed in some special capacity to our delegation at San Francisco.

*

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE PAUSED briefly the morning after President Roosevent died and closed down on the day of his funeral. More impressive than these formal marks of respect was the real tribute of the speculators. On that Friday morning, after a short period of hesitation, the orders flooded in, and the Exchange enjoyed its most active day since March 9. The real inspiration for this bout of buying was indicated by marked concentration on the public-utilities stocks. Issues like Consolidated Edison, which seldom move more than a quarter point in a day, jumped more than a full point. "The market," the New York *Sun's* always frank commentator noted, "must have felt that somehow the public-utility companies at last had found a friend at Washington, or that at least under the new Administration the driving power that had created TVA would be lacking." We hope that the expectations on which this indecent demonstration was based will be disappointed. Ordinary citizens, noting this open acknowledgment that the utilities have lost an enemy, will be confirmed in their conviction that they have lost a friend.

*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S FIRST ADDRESS TO THE Congress, the nation, and the world was exactly what everyone expected it to be—a pledge to carry the war to complete victory, to build an enduring peace based on law and justice, and to continue the struggle to improve the lot of the common people at home and abroad. It will give no comfort to the enemy. The President made it clear that he will continue the policies of Roosevelt, and he bespoke the support of all Americans. It was the rather ordinary eloquent speech of a plain "God-fearing" man; it was also direct and sincere. It showed a genuine humility, a sense of the great responsibilities of his position, and a recognition of the magnitude and difficulty of the tasks ahead—they will take "time and tolerance and an abiding faith in people." His speech also had an air of unassuming confidence both in his own capacities and in the support and help at his disposal.

*

ALTHOUGH THE NEW SOFT COAL CONTRACT contains only a small part of the miners' original demands, it represents another major victory for John L. Lewis. The pay boost in itself is substantial. Miners working a fifty-four-hour week on the day shift will receive $63.50 as compared with $57.06 under the old contract. In addition, a differential is established in favor of miners working on the second and third shifts, and the principle of portal-to-portal pay has been strengthened by provision for full pay for an hour underground travel time. In view of the hazardous and uncertain nature of mine employment, it is difficult to take exception to any of these concessions, even though they do increase the costs of coal production slightly. We can only wish that the mine operators had not played into Lewis's hands by their peremptory rejection of the compromise plan offered by Secretary Perkins a fortnight ago, thus precipitating a series of unauthorized strikes which caused a serious loss in coal production. The final settlement differed only in slight detail from Miss Perkins's plan. But by delaying the settlement while blast furnaces were closing down for want of coal, the operators forfeited the right to such public support as they had in the dealings with Lewis. As a result, the miners are likely to find wider acceptance of their contention that only a ruthless bargainer could fully serve their interests.

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THE SHOCKING CONDITION OF MANY OF THE American war prisoners liberated from Nazi hospitals and prison camps has awakened the public, as perhaps nothing else could, to the necessity for a firm policy toward the individuals responsible for these and other crimes against humanity. Americans who have husbands, sons, and brothers in the German camps now share the personal anguish and indignation which tens of millions of Russians, Poles, French, Czechs, and other Europeans feel toward the men who have tortured and slain their loved ones. Yet apart from an announcement by the United Nations War Crimes Commission that it was compiling a list of war criminals, no coordinated program has been worked out for bringing the responsible men before the bar of justice. There is still no procedure for the apprehension and punishment of these individuals, and no central authority to give orders that such a procedure be set in motion. Although Under Secretary Grew has said that he believes the Axis criminals should be punished for crimes against their fellow-nationals as well as against citizens of the United Nations, this view has never been indorsed by either the State Department or the British Foreign Office. Neither the United States nor Britain has set up machinery for bringing Axis criminals to court. No policy has been worked out for dealing with the members of the Gestapo, although their job has been essentially criminal in nature. Since the War Crimes Commission has shown that it is utterly incapable of dealing with the problem, the American government should support the Czech proposal that the matter be brought before the San Francisco conference. It is idle to plan for permanent security while the men responsible for this war and its wholesale atrocities are permitted full freedom to prepare new outrages against humanity.

*

FRANZ VON PAPEN IS THE FIRST NAZI RAT of any size or pedigree to be picked off a life raft since Hitler's ship went into its death plunge. He apparently considered it convenient to be in the Ruhr when the Americans surrounded it rather than remain in Berlin and run the risk of capture by the Russians or move south with his colleagues for the Wagnerian payoff. Franz does not like payoffs and up to now has been fairly agile in avoiding them. A Prussian by birth and training, he was German military attaché in Washington during World War I and was organizer of sabotage in war factories. During the Weimar Republic he appreciated the growing strength of National Socialism, and in 1932, when he had become Chancellor of the Reich, he removed by force the legally constituted Social Democratic government of Prussia. A few months later he was instrumental in bringing Hitler to power. A congenital double-crosser, he barely escaped the blood purge of June, 1934, Hindenburg's generals coming to the rescue in the nick of time. Von Papen won his way back into his Führer's good graces by using his post as Ambassador to Vienna to prepare Austria for the Nazi banquet. His later attempts in Ankara were less successful if equally assiduous. Herr Franz von Papen is a shifty customer. No doubt at this moment he is seeking to advise us on what to do with Germany and offering us his skilled services. He will probably pose something of a problem to the War Crimes Commission. For, in the words of Ernst Jaeckh, he is merely "the soul and brains of the Nazi conspiracy that pushed Hitler into the Chancellery." Just a top Nazi, that's all. No single act of murder or torture traceable to him. Just one of the perverted geniuses most responsible for the plague that has laid waste a world.

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS

End of an Era *by Freda Kirchwey* 429
America and the Coalition *by J. Alvarez Del Vayo* 430
Support Bretton Woods 431
The Shape of Things 432

ARTICLES

Roosevelt as Strategist *by Charles G. Bolté* 434
Not Since Lincoln *by Harold J. Laski* 435
Farewell to F. D. R. *by I. F. Stone* 436
75 Years Ago in *The Nation* 437
Portrait of Truman *by Margaret Marshall* 438
The Foundations of Democracy *by Jacques Maritain* 440
In the Wind 442

POLITICAL WAR

Fascism Wins a Round *by Allen Haden* 443
Notes from the Argentine Underground 444
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 444

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Siegfried *by Randall Jarrell* 447
Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 447
The Revolution of '89 *by Albert Guerard* 452
Full Employment and World Trade *by Keith Hutchison* 452
Briefer Comment 454
Verse Chronicle: Frost and Tate *by F. W. Dupee* 464
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 466
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 469
Films *by James Agee* 469
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 470

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 471
CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 112 *by Jack Barrett* 472

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Roosevelt as Strategist

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, with his unerring instinct for the fitness of things, played Siegfried's Funeral March at four o'clock last Saturday as the services began in the East Room of the White House. At that singularly affecting moment of the civilized world's deep sorrow, nothing could have been more appropriate than the dark, brooding threnody for the dead, dearly beloved military hero. It seemed to be of little consequence that the composer was a German, favorite of the man whose downfall had been chiefly engineered by the very one thus remembered.

For this thousand-sided man was preeminently a military leader, and it seems certain that history will credit him with being the chief architect of victory in this great war. As it was the greatest, most far-flung, and most complex of all wars, so was his achievement the greater—the establishment and maintenance of a mammoth coalition which on a dozen fronts, on land and sea and in the air, has brought nearly to defeat the two most dangerous enemies ever faced by the Republic.

It is bitterly ironic that he should have died almost in the moment of victory; yet his work had been done so carefully and surely that his death cannot alter the shape or the manner of that victory. In this as in other respects he differs from past leaders of coalitions, whose deaths signaled the splitting asunder of the coalitions and a weakening of the united determination to achieve or to secure the victory. Here it may be that much of the difference was due to his unique status as a democratic leader, whose power rested upon, and was never stronger than, the joint power of all the people, on whose reservoirs of energy and productiveness and talent he drew.

Often criticized as a believer in one-man government, he was of course in military matters the outstanding exemplar of the ability to achieve maximum results through the coordination of personalities, branches of the service, and national members of the Grand Alliance. In a moment of impending national crisis he brought Republicans into his Cabinet to head the two vital departments of national defense. He strove constantly for, and in large degree achieved, an end of inter-service rivalry and the establishment of teamwork among American soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen, without which the amphibious operations of Europe and the Pacific would have been impossible. Finally, through his own concentration on the main job of defeating the enemy, his insistence on consultation among the chief Allied war leaders, and his continual efforts to broaden the area of cooperation among the United Nations, he more than anyone else established the coalition which is winning the victory and which can now go on to win the peace.

In terms of military strategy he always maintained the objective—in sporting terms, he kept his eye on the ball—which was and remains the destruction of our enemies' power to wage war. He observed the principle of the concentration of effort, and in keeping with this fundamental principle made the first great American strategic decision of the war, which was to defeat Germany first and then turn in full strength on Japan. This decision, failing which we very probably would never have been able to win the war, also recognized the sound rule of reinforcing strength rather than weakness—that is, of applying maximum effort where results are most likely rather than throwing good money after bad. His earlier and heroic struggle for lend-lease had already enabled us to put our production on the firing-line, killing Germans through British and Russian hands; now this decision led to the stepped-up bombing of Germany, to the North African invasion—of which he was primarily the author—to the expulsion of Italy from the war, to the Normandy landings, and to the impending destruction of Germany.

Although the decision was to defeat Germany first, the miracles of war production, of shipbuilding, and of training millions of first-class fighting men which were carried forward under his direction—and with himself ultimately responsible for any failure, never forget—made it possible for America to carry the Pacific war right to the grounds of the Emperor's palace. Alone among world leaders he had to conduct two major wars on opposite sides of the world at the same time: the measure of Allied success in those two wars is in large part the measure of his greatness as war leader, strategist, and commander-in-chief.

He leaves us with decisive victory assured, the European war in its last gasps, the Pacific war entering what seems to be its final phases. His team is well settled and pulling together: Marshall, King, and Arnold making ultimate decisions in Washington, Eisenhower in Europe carrying forward on a teamwork basis modeled on that of his chief, Nimitz and MacArthur in the Pacific preparing to take the army and navy into Japan, the Combined (British-American) Chiefs of Staff consulting and planning in unison, the machinery established for consultation between them and the Red Army chiefs on the eastern front, the Soviet Union preparing to enter the Asiatic settlement once the German phase is closed. His monument will be the successful culmination of global war with the machinery he devised; and beyond, the establishment of global peace with the reconversion of that machinery.

He lived to see the near-completion of one of his great designs—the destruction of Hitlerite Germany. The "thousand years" of the Third Reich are very nearly run out; by the day of his burial Germany was almost severed, with American troops approaching Dresden and a junction with Russian troops. In a strange and militarily irrational kind of paralysis, the main cohesive body of German troops in the Reich was facing the Russians on the Oder, holding them at bay before Berlin while the Americans swept up to their rear. There was nothing left to fight for in Berlin, now a dead city stripped of its last administrative function; the escape corridor south-

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ward to the "national redoubt" was narrowing daily, coming under an increasing hail of fire from almost unmolested Allied aircraft. As in all the recent irrational behavior of the German High Command, the answer must be sought primarily in politics; it is perhaps a combination of two factors—German fear of what the Russians will do once they break deeply into the Reich, German hopes that the Western Allies will accuse the Russians of malingering, causing a last-minute split between them. Another possible explanation is that a decision was taken at Yalta or subsequently for the Russians to tie the Germans down at the Oder but not attack until the Americans had swung the escape door shut in their rear.

Whatever the reason, it now seems sure that the mass of Germans on the Oder will not escape. Their remnants may get away, to the mountains of the south or more likely to the new stronghold in the north, across the base of Denmark and along the North Sea and Baltic coasts. Here, as in Norway, western Holland, northern Italy (now under heavy Allied pressure), and the French Atlantic ports (of which the approaches to Bordeaux are at last also under heavy pressure), isolated and uncoordinated groups of Germans will probably fight on long after Eisenhower and Stalin have proclaimed that organized resistance has come to an end.

Far more costly and protracted fighting lies ahead in the Far East, but here too the great design of coordinated advances westward and northwestward through the Pacific against the anvil of a still-resisting China is nearing its completion. The Philippines are nearly cleared; from bases there American planes have cut the Japanese lifeline to Malaya and the East Indies, which carried oil, rubber, and tin to the home islands. Fighters from Iwo Jima—this was the necessity for its casualties—are escorting Superfortresses from the Marianas in ever-heavier explosive and incendiary attacks on the centers of Japan's war production. Our troops are on Okinawa to stay; although many more of them will die before it is secured, this means the virtual end of Japanese sea-borne traffic to the south, the impending aerial investment of the vital North China ports, and a stepping-up of air attacks on Japan itself prior to the decisive landings there.

We came a long way toward victory with this man; most of the way. For this, and for other reasons, we need not fear for his immortality.

Not Since Lincoln

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, April 14

THE sudden death of President Roosevelt has stunned and grieved our people more than that of any great public figure in my memory. We knew of course that he had been subject to an immense strain; we could see from the pictures of the Yalta conference that he had aged very much, and there was a kind of gray shadow over that vivid and friendly face. But when we read his address to Congress on his return it seemed as though his marvelous constitution, which had stood up so well to tests so grim, would once more assert its own power of recovery. We did not conceive that the greatest friend this country has ever known already stood by the gates of eternity.

From King and Queen and the Prime Minister down to the ordinary man and woman the President's death seems a personal loss as in the case of no other foreign statesman since men and women in the cotton towns of Lancashire wept openly at the death of Mr. Lincoln. The official sorrow at his death was marked by the adjournment of the House of Commons on the motion of the Prime Minister; that is a tribute never before paid in its long history to any other head of a state. It was marked too, as I have only once or twice before seen it so marked, by the flags at half mast on every building which carries a flagpole. The B. B. C. arranged for a moving talk on him by Professor Brogan and for a service of remembrance of singular impressiveness, in which extracts from the President's speeches were read and the Battle Hymn of the Republic sounded out before the Last Post.

Though we stand so near to overwhelming victory in the supreme crisis of our history, we feel that Mr. Roosevelt's death deprives the triumph of a vital part of our right to happiness over it. People have found that F. D. R.—the most usual of all references to him—had become an intimate part of their daily lives. They had looked forward very eagerly to seeing him in London this summer. They wanted to give him their thanks in thunderous cheers; they wanted him to see that if our head be bloody it has never been bowed. They wanted to welcome him not merely as President of the United States but as a great citizen of the world, as one who had brought wisdom and courage and magnanimity to the service of freedom.

Typical of the spirit everywhere is the decision of the local Labor Party here in Essex that today's meeting shall begin with a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt, followed by a moment's silence. One man said to me that Roosevelt died for mankind as truly as if he had been a soldier on the battlefield. Another said that if I was sad for Mrs. Roosevelt, at least she knew that the whole world felt him already to be a part of its inheritance. Another spoke of the need to commemorate in some large and permanent way the noble friendship he has given to us. I like a phrase in one comment—that we must show America he is a part of our tradition as well as theirs; and I was struck by the way in which his satisfaction with the behavior of our people during the war was taken not as a general tribute to a body of citizens but as something which built a personal relation between the President and each man and woman in this island. And I thought too that there was something not unworthy at this moment in the remark of a postman to me: "Now that we have lost him," he said, "we must try to find him."

It is not merely that everyone wished he could have lived to see the final triumph. Even more it is the realization that his insight and experience would have been so priceless in the complex problems that peace will bring. For everyone

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knew his disinterestedness. Everyone knew that when he spoke of peace he meant peace. Everyone knew that he was a great American because his views and his hopes put America in the context of the world. I have met many since the news came who realize how difficult it will be to replace him. It is notable that no one doubts the will of America to see that President Truman begins his task in Franklin Roosevelt's spirit, for the great principles of Franklin Roosevelt's faith. Not since 1865 have we felt more close to America, more eager for mutual understanding. We pledge ourselves before him—our dead, too—that the work he wrought so nobly shall not have been in vain.

Farewell to F. D. R.

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 14

MR. ROOSEVELT'S body was brought back to Washington today for the last time. The crowds began to gather early in Lafayette Park opposite the White House, as they did all along the line of the procession from Union Station. I got down to the park early and stood with many others waiting. Some small boys climbed into a tree for a better view. The gray tip of the Washington Monument showed above the White House. The trees were in full green; tulips bloomed on the lawn. Outside on the sidewalk there were soldiers in helmets every few feet, and we could hear the harsh tones of command as the guard of honor lined up on the White House lawn. Florists' trucks pulled up at the door, and huge wreaths were taken inside. Cameras were set up on the front porch, and camera men were perched on high ladders on the sidewalks and among us in the park. Birds sang, but the crowd was quiet.

In the park I recognized a group of girls from the C. I. O. offices in nearby Jackson Place, Walter Lippmann, and an Army and Navy Club bellboy with a sensitive Negro face. There were soldiers and sailors, Waves and Wacs. There were many Negroes, some of them quite obviously housemaids. There were well-dressed women and men in shirt sleeves. I noticed a small middle-aged priest, several grave and owlish Chinese, many service men with their wives or sweethearts, a tired man in overalls and blue-denim work cap. A tall gangling Negro boy in jitterbug jacket and pork-pie hat towered above the crowd in front of me. A man who seemed to be a hobo, unshaven and dirty, jarred the silence with a loud laugh at something a child behind him had said. There were close-mouthed New England faces, Jewish faces, Midwestern faces; workers and business men and housewives, all curiously alike in their patience and in the dumb stolidity that is often sorrow's aspect.

A truck sped by on Pennsylvania Avenue. On the roof of the truck two navy men operated a movie camera, taking pictures of the crowd. Far above us, twenty-four Flying Fortresses roared across the skies in proud formation. One remembered the President's 50,000-plane speech, and choked. Motorcycle police heralded the procession's approach. The marching men, the solemn bands, the armored cars, the regiment of Negro soldiers, the uniformed women's detachments, the trucks filled with soldiers, and the black limousines carrying officials and the President's family went by slowly. They seemed part of an unreal pageant by comparison with the one glimpse of what we had come to see—the coffin covered with a flag. Many faces in the crowd puckered as it went past. In that one quick look thousands of us said our goodbys to a great and good man, and to an era.

I was at the *PM* office in New York Thursday when it happened. There was a commotion in the newsroom. A copy-boy ran out of the wire-room with a piece of United Press copy in his hand. That first flash, "The President died this afternoon," seemed incredible; like something in a nightmare, far down under the horror was the comfortable feeling that you would wake to find it was all a dream. The Romans must have felt this way when word came that Caesar Augustus was dead. Later, when work was done, I went to a meeting of liberals in an apartment on Washington Square. It was a gloomy gathering, much too gloomy to honor so buoyant a spirit as Mr. Roosevelt's. Some felt that with his passing the Big Three would split up, that hope of a new world organization was dim. One of those present reported, apropos, that an automobile-company official in Detroit had told a delegation of visiting French newspapermen, "Next we fight the Soviet Union." Some thought the Nazis would be encouraged to hold out, that the war had been lengthened by the President's passing. Everyone seemed to feel that trouble, serious trouble, lay ahead.

I don't want to sound like Pollyanna, but I can remember so many crepe-hanging sessions of this kind since 1932. The Roosevelt era, for folk who scare easily, was a series of scares. Just before he took office, when the bonus marchers were driven out of Washington, revolution seemed to be around the corner. There was the banking crisis. The NRA was suspected of being the beginning of fascism; one of my friends in New York cautiously erased his name from the volumes of Marx and Lenin he owned; he felt the men with the bludgeons might be in his apartment any day. The Supreme Court knocked one piece of reform legislation after another on the head, and Mr. Roosevelt, when he set out to fight back, showed a deplorable disrespect for the constitutional amenities. There were the Chicago massacre and the Little Steel strike. There was Hitler. France fell when our armed forces were in good shape for a war with Nicaragua. The Japs sank most of the fleet at Pearl Harbor. It was a lush era for Cassandras.

Somehow we pulled through before, and somehow we'll pull through again. In part it was luck. In part it was Mr.

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Roosevelt's leadership. In part it was the quality of the country and its people. I don't know about the rest of the four freedoms, but one thing Mr. Roosevelt gave the United States in one crisis after another, and that was freedom from fear. Perhaps his most important contribution was the example, the superlative example, of his personal courage. Perhaps some of us will feel less gloomy if we remember it. Perhaps some of us will be more effective politically if we also learn from Mr. Roosevelt's robust realism, his ability to keep his eye on the main issue and not worry too much about the minor details.

I found the mood of the intellectuals and New Dealers in Washington this week-end quite different from that in New York. There has been much swapping of information and sidelights, and there is a good deal of confidence in the new President. No one, least of all Mr. Truman, an impressively modest man, expects him fully to fill Mr. Roosevelt's shoes. But the general feeling among those who know Mr. Truman is that he will surprise the skeptical. I can only record my own impression for whatever it is worth. I talked with Mr. Truman several years ago and liked him immediately and instinctively. The Presidency is a terrific job, and it remains to be seen how he will stand up under its pressure. But he is a good man, an honest man, a devoted man. Our country could be far more poorly served. Mr. Truman is a hard worker, decisive, a good executive. He works well with people. He is at once humble about his own knowledge and capacities, as a wise man should be, and quietly confident about his ability to learn and to rise to the occasion.

I hate to confess it, but I think Mr. Roosevelt was astute and farsighted in picking Mr. Truman rather than Mr. Wallace as his successor. At this particular moment in our history, Mr. Truman can do a better job. Mr. Wallace's accession might have split the country wide open, not because of Mr. Wallace but because of the feeling against him on the right. Mr. Truman has the good-will of both sides and is in a position to capitalize on the sobering influence of Mr. Roosevelt's passing. The heaviest task of the President lies in the field of foreign relations, and the biggest obstacle to its accomplishment is in the Senate. It is fortunate that Mr. Truman's greatest and most obvious political assets are his relations with the Senate. He is a friendly person, and was well liked on both sides of the aisle. Isolationists like Wheeler and La Follette are among his friends, and he may be able to exert an influence with them that circumstances and the momentum of past events denied to Mr. Roosevelt. The chances of a two-thirds' vote in the Senate for the new peace organization are improved by the shift in the Presidency. I say this with no disrespect to our great departed leader.

I think Mr. Truman will carry on Mr. Roosevelt's work. He had been very effective in support of Mr. Roosevelt in the Senate. I can authoritatively report that the famous B2H2 resolution originated in Mr. Truman's office. Three of the sponsors, Senators Ball, Burton, and Hatch, were members of the Truman committee. Mr. Truman's closest personal friends in the Senate were Kilgore of West Virginia and Wallgren of Washington, both sturdy progressives and good New Dealers. There will be changes in the Cabinet, perhaps some for the better. On domestic policy Mr. Truman's record is an excellent one, and labor has nothing to fear from him. The shock of Mr. Roosevelt's death has created an atmosphere in which the new President may be able to unite the nation more closely than ever and carry it forward to that stable peace Mr. Roosevelt so deeply desired.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE WORK OF WEDNESDAY WEEK, by which Texas was admitted and the proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment secured on the same day, may serve as a sufficient apology for Congressional inaction during the past seven days.—*April 7, 1870.*

LITERARY NOTES: Messrs. Fields, Osgood and Company began, with No. 15 of their illustrated *Every Saturday*, the new story by Mr. Dickens called, not after his usual fashion, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." . . . It will be good news to everybody who has "wept at the grave of Adam" in company with Mr. Mark Twain, and has laughed everywhere else with that light-minded young man, to hear that he is going to edit a department of the *Galaxy*—or rather that he is going to write a department of the *Galaxy*. We do not hear that he is to have any assistants or contributors, though that he should is perhaps to be desired.—*April 7, 1870.*

THE WEEK HAS BEEN REMARKABLE for a great number of rejoicings over the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment by the colored people and their white friends and champions. The Anti-Slavery Association has celebrated the event by disbanding, after thirty-seven years of existence. . . . Their forces will now be transferred to other fields of reform. The woman's suffrage movement will probably receive the greater portion of them, and they will, no doubt, be divided pretty evenly between the three camps in which the friends of that cause are now found. . . . Roughly, they may be described as the *Revolution* Society, of which Susan B. Anthony is the head; and the Cleveland or National Association, of which Henry Ward Beecher is the head; and an association of which Mr. Theodore Tilton is the head, and which is the result of an abortive attempt on the part of that gentleman to unite the other two.—*April 14, 1870.*

ON WEDNESDAY WEEK the Massachusetts House defeated, by 133 nays to 68 yeas, a proposed amendment of the state constitution extending the suffrage to women.—*April 28, 1870.*

THE PRODIGIOUS RATE at which the passenger traffic between this country and Europe is increasing, and which seems to afford employment to as many steamers as capitalists choose to run, is doubtless mainly due to the growth of wealth and population. It, however, also indicates, beyond question, increasing restlessness on the part of all that portion of the American population which is not tied to one spot all the year round by stern necessity. . . . In nine cases out of ten, when people go to Europe, it is "for the sake of the girls." . . . The American travelers of whom most is seen and heard are of small advantage to Europe, and Europe is of small advantage to them.—*April 28, 1870.*

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Portrait of Truman

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

HARRY S. TRUMAN is an average man who at the age of thirty-eight stepped on the escalator of an American political machine because he needed a job and has been carried to the very top floor—the Presidency of the United States. No one, probably, is more surprised than he is unless it is his friends, who were already rubbing their eyes at the fact that he was Vice-President.

Roosevelt and Wallace have been spokesmen for the Common Man, who is the average man dressed up in his rhetorical Sunday best. President Truman *is* the average man. He is Tom-Dick-and-Harry Truman; and he would not object to that designation, for his respect and regard for the common run of people, including himself, is probably greater than that of many who speak in their name and wish to do them good.

When people talk about Truman—or rather when they talked about him, for a Truman myth, no doubt, is already in the making—they tend toward negatives. He is not brilliant—he definitely has a ceiling, as one person put it. He is not a man of vision. He is not an innovator.

Drawing by Charles Liedl
Courtesy *PM*

President Truman

I would add, on the basis of a short interview, that compared with a Roosevelt or a Churchill he has no temperament, no afflatus, and for all his amiability, no charm. He is not a worldly or a cultivated man.

On the other hand, he is, according to all accounts, personally honest, sincere, conscientious, a hard worker with a practical intelligence. He likes people, gets along with everybody, and is extremely loyal to his friends. He reads a good deal, enjoys music, and plays the piano for his own pleasure. In appearance he is plain, neat, undistinguished, agile. His smile, which is constant, seemed to me a bit automatic.

I was told more than once that he is aware of his own limitations, that he has the sense and the humility to pick competent assistants and can delegate authority. He showed himself a good administrator as chairman of the Senate Committee to Investigate the Defense Program, which did an excellent and pretty comprehensive job on very little money, and which, despite the politically explosive area of its investigations and the mixed party affiliations of its members, never turned up a minority report.

Everybody knows that Truman got his political start, and became a Senator the first time, by means of the support of the Pendergast machine. Everybody will tend, from now on, to play down, brush off, ignore that connection. Everybody, that is, except Truman himself. He will be the last to deny that he is a machine politician, or to be ashamed of it. His relations with the Pendergast machine and his attitude toward it furnish the key not only to his career but to his character and type, which is, I think, a type we shall have a great deal to do with in the next half-century. All over the world the statesman is being displaced by the practical politician—an inevitable development in what is to be, culturally as well as politically, the century of the average man.

In 1921 Harry Truman, who was then in his late thirties, had not yet established himself. In fact, he had just failed in the haberdashery business in which he had invested his savings on his return from World War I—before the war he had spent ten years running the family farm. One of his buddies had been the nephew of Tom Pendergast, and through this connection and other friends Truman got his first political office. In 1922 he was elected county judge in Jackson County, which was controlled by the Pendergast machine. Jackson County judges are really county commissioners whose job it is to let contracts for and supervise the construction of highways and other public facilities. Millions of dollars of public money pass through their hands. In 1924 "Judge" Truman was defeated, but in 1926 he was elected as presiding judge and reelected in 1930. As a county judge Truman established a reputation for personal honesty which still stands. He built up a statewide acquaintance as well. A Baptist by religion, he was also a "high" Mason and an active Legionnaire. He belonged to the County Judges Association, which is said to be a powerful organization in Missouri. Anyway, by inclination Truman is, and always has been, "a member of the club."

In 1934 he wanted a better job. The accounts diverge as to how the better job turned out to be that of United States Senator. The most dramatic is a tall tale in spirit if not in fact. It relates that he went to Pendergast and asked for a post that paid $25,000 in fees. "You're not a big enough man for that job," said Pendergast. "The best I can do now, Harry, is a United States Senatorship." Only a $15,000 job. More credible is the story that he wanted to be nominated for Congress in a newly created district but that Pendergast was already committed to another candidate; that some weeks later Pendergast's nephew and the Democratic state

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chairman urged him to file for Senator, and that Pendergast threw the machine's support to him after a strong movement in his favor had already set in. The third account, which is the most convincing but the least picturesque, does not necessarily rule out the second: he was nominated because Pendergast was determined to defeat Champ Clark's candidate and needed a respectable name on his own slate.

Truman won the nomination by a plurality of some 40,000. It was demonstrated later that the "graveyard registration" in his district in 1934 was so large that his own plurality was probably made up of ghosts. But he had the job.

In 1940, when he came up for renomination and reelection, his defeat was freely predicted. The Pendergast machine was broken and disgraced. Out of "personal loyalty" Truman had not disowned Pendergast. On the contrary he said, "I accepted his support when he was on top. And I'm not going to kick him when he's down." By the same token he has remained vindictive against Pendergast's prosecutor, Milligan. Truman had two opponents in the 1940 primary, both of whom claimed credit for wrecking the Pendergast machine. They divided the credit and the vote—and Truman won.

Truman is personally honest. But he was not bothered by the scandalous methods by which the machine elected him in 1934. In an article in *Common Sense* last fall Grace and Morris Milgram recorded his frank answers to their direct questions about his relations with the machine.

> There was nothing wrong with my relations with the Pendergast machine. . . . Every Democratic politician including myself went to Tom Pendergast for support. He is a fine gentleman. . . . He was always helping people, even people who did nothing for him. . . . You could trust him. His word was his bond.
>
> Those things [the graveyard registration] were due to over-zealousness by Tom's boys. They were too anxious to make a good showing for the boss. . . . Tom didn't know anything about it—he was never involved in that sort of thing. Those fake registrations weren't needed to enable the machine to win.

The idea that one is not "involved in that sort of thing" unless one actually writes in phony names implies a concept of personal honesty that must shock the moralist. It is assumed by most politicians, and though few people would be so frank as to express the views given above, they are accepted in practice in large sectors of American life. That is an even more important—and dreary—fact than Truman's acceptance of it.

Mr. Truman went on to say that "you've got to have leadership in politics, and a boss is only a leader"—which should give the political theorist a turn.

Harry S. Truman is neither a moralist nor a political theorist. He is a practical man from Missouri who takes the world as he finds it.

In the Senate Truman was a loyal Administration supporter, as was to be expected, and his horizons widened if only because of his adaptability, which sometimes performs the functions of imagination. He went on making friends, remained the member of an even larger club. Because he was so perfect a liaison man he was expected, as Vice-President, to play a highly important role in securing adoption of legislation implementing the peace, and he considered that his main job. We may assume that as President he will carry it through. He will do his best, moreover, to make the peace conform to the Roosevelt specifications if only out of "personal loyalty." There seems to me no question, by the way, that he has a much better chance of achieving that aim than Wallace would have had; and that consideration may well have played a part in Roosevelt's easy relinquishment of Wallace as a running-mate in the last election.

On domestic policy too I think Truman will follow Roosevelt's lead—until he gets to a point where specifications are missing and his deeply felt obligation to his predecessor cannot be defined. His limited imagination, his "practical" methods, and his short-run way of thinking will then come into play. He is likely to think of employment for returning veterans, for instance, not in terms of political or social theory but in terms of taking care of the boys. He suggested to me, rather complacently, that since we would be at least four years behind, replacements would keep us busy. In general, where a Wallace or a Roosevelt would put forth a bold and comprehensive program, achieve part of it against opposition, and in the process push back the boundaries of public opinion to take in new social objectives, Truman is likely to ask for no more than he can get without creating enemies. It is possible, of course, that in a given instance what Truman will ask for will be quite as much as a Roosevelt or a Wallace would achieve. But he will break no new paths, push back no boundaries; and he will tend to equate public opinion with party opinion, both Republican and Democratic.

Truman, in a word, will stick to the center of gravity, and his techniques will be more those of machine politics, especially compromise. Truman's life began with a compromise, if we may believe the story that the S. in his name stands for nothing because the choice lay between Sherman and Shippe and in order not to offend either pressure group his parents agreed to make it simply S. He believes in compromise; to him "government is politics," politics is mediation.

This lends vital importance to what seems to be a fact—that Truman represents no vested interest, unless machine politics as a way of government can be called that. He has shown no reluctance to attack big business. He believes in preparedness, but he also believes in civilian control. He has gone along with Roosevelt's labor policies and is trusted by the Railway Brotherhoods, the A. F. of L., and the C. I. O.—in that order.

The eventual danger lies in his complete lack of ideology. In Roosevelt's thinking labor had a status which did not depend on the actual political strength it could show. With Truman, I think, labor will be just one group among others, and it will have to earn its way politically. He is neither anti- nor pro-labor. Given the present distribution of political and economic power in this country, that means that labor will have to fight hard for everything it gets and be extremely vigilant about keeping what it has. Noblesse oblige, which labor could count on with Roosevelt, is no more.

On some issues, of course, Truman can be pushed just so far and no farther. On the Negro question, for instance, he is a loyal liberal Southerner, which means that he advocates

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equality of opportunity and education but considers social equality out of the question, now or ever. But here again, he is at least frank about it. The Milgrams quote a speech he made at the National Colored Democratic Association in 1940. "Before I go farther," he said, "I wish to make it clear that I am not appealing for social equality for the Negro. The Negro himself knows better than that, and the highest types of Negro leaders say frankly they prefer the society of their own people."

Some people saw signs of the martinet in Truman's handling of Senator Murray's bill for a Missouri Valley Authority. Some said it was a typical Truman compromise, and one person suggested that the compromise was part of Truman's liaison work in behalf of the coming peace treaty.

President Truman thinks of himself, I should say, as a "sensible" liberal. He will find left New Dealers less congenial personally than regular party men, but if the right expects any spectacular overturn of the New Deal it will probably be disappointed. He once said that he would be just another constitutional Vice-President. I'm inclined to think he will be just another constitutional President.

The Foundations of Democracy

BY JACQUES MARITAIN

SOME months ago *The Nation* published an article by Sidney Hook* which dealt with an issue crucial for democracy and the world tomorrow. Discussing a recent essay by T. S. Eliot, Mr. Hook reached by means of questionable theoretical arguments a practical solution which for quite different reasons seems to me to be on the right track. Even if we are in general in qualified agreement on the solution, there are important particulars in which we disagree. These I shall try to elucidate.

I did not read the essay by T. S. Eliot to which Mr. Hook refers. Yet if the way in which he understands the import of the statements contained in it is correct, I am afraid I would also disagree with T. S. Eliot, at least as regards the manner in which theoretical views that both of us hold to be true should be applied to our present historical situation. This is a rather paradoxical situation, which may be explained by the fact that conclusions depend not only on the major premises but on the minor as well. Since I have endeavored for many years and in many books to discuss the matters involved, I shall take the liberty of summing up my position here.

1. In the "sacral" era of the Middle Ages a great attempt was made to build the life of the earthly community and civilization on the foundation of the unity of theological faith and religious creed. This attempt succeeded for a certain number of centuries but failed in the course of time, after the Reformation and the Renaissance; and a return to the medieval sacral pattern is by no means conceivable. In proportion as the civil community has become more perfectly distinguished from the spiritual realm of the church—a process which was in itself but a development of the Gospel distinction between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's—the civil community has become grounded on a common good and a common task which are of an earthly, "temporal," or "secular" order, and in which citizens belonging to diverse spiritual groups or "families" equally share. Religious division among men is in itself a misfortune. But it is a fact that we must willy-nilly recognize.

2. In modern times an attempt was made to ground the life of civilization and the earthly community on the foundation of mere reason—reason separated from religion and from the Gospel. This attempt fostered immense hopes in the last two centuries, and rapidly failed. Pure reason appeared more incapable than faith of insuring the spiritual unity of mankind, and the dream of a "scientific" creed uniting men in peace, and in common convictions about the aims and basic principles of human life and society, vanished in contemporary catastrophes. In proportion as the tragic events of the last decades have given the lie to the bourgeois rationalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we have been confronted with the fact that religion and metaphysics are an essential part of human culture, primary and indispensable incentives in the very life of society.

3. As concerns, therefore, the society of tomorrow and the revitalized democracy we are hoping for, the only solution is of the *pluralistic* type. Men belonging to most different philosophical or religious creeds and families could and should cooperate in the common task and for the common welfare of the earthly community, provided they similarly assent to the basic tenets of a society of free men.

For a society of free men implies basic tenets which are at the core of its very existence and which it has the duty of defending and promoting. One of the errors of bourgeois optimism was to believe that in a free society "truth," and decisions befitting human dignity and freedom, would automatically emerge from the conflicts of forces and opinions; the error lay in conceiving of free society as a mere neutral boxing-ring for all kinds of ideas in mutual competition. Thus democratic society, in its concrete behavior, had no concept of itself, and freedom lay open, disarmed and paralyzed, to the undertakings of those who hated it, and who tried by all means to foster in men a vicious desire to become free from freedom.

If it is to conquer totalitarian trends and fulfil the hope of the peoples of the world, the democracy of tomorrow will have its own concept of man and society, and its own philosophy, its own faith, enabling it to educate people for freedom and to defend itself against those who would use democratic liberties to destroy freedom and human rights. No society can live without a basic common inspiration and a basic common faith.

* The Dilemma of T. S. Eliot, in *The Nation* for January 20.

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But the all-important point to be noted here is that this faith and inspiration, this philosophy and the concept of itself which democracy needs, all these do not belong in themselves to the order of religious creed and eternal life but to the temporal or secular order of earthly life, of culture and civilization. Even more, they are matters of practical rather than theoretical or dogmatic agreement; I mean they deal with practical conclusions that the human mind, rightly or wrongly, can try to justify from quite different philosophical outlooks, probably because they depend basically on simple, "natural" apperceptions, of which the human heart becomes capable with the progress of moral conscience. Thus it is that men possessing quite different, even opposite, metaphysical or religious outlooks—materialists, idealists, agnostics, Christians and Jews, Moslems and Buddhists—can converge, not by virtue of any identity of doctrine, but by virtue of an analogical similitude in practical principles, toward the same practical conclusions, and can share in the same practical democratic philosophy, provided that they similarly revere, perhaps for quite diverse reasons, truth and intelligence, human dignity, freedom, brotherly love, and the absolute value of moral good. As Mr. Hook puts it, "the underlying premises, whether theological, metaphysical, or naturalistic, from which different groups justify their common democratic beliefs and practices must not be subject to integration"—let us say to socially or politically enforced integration. "It is enough, so to speak, that human beings live in accordance with democratic laws"—and, let us add, share in the common—human, earthly, temporal—democratic faith and inspiration. "It is foolish intolerance to make only one justification of laws legal."

Here, if we want to be thorough in our thought and do not fear words, we should point out that where faith is, divine or human, there are also heretics who threaten the unity of the community, either religious or civil. In the sacral society the heretic was the breaker of religious unity. In a lay society of free men the heretic is the breaker of "the common democratic beliefs and practices," the totalitarian, the one who denies freedom—his neighbor's freedom—and the dignity of the human person and the moral power of law. We do not wish him to be burned or expelled from the city or outlawed or put in a concentration camp. But the democratic community should defend itself against him, be he materialist, idealist, agnostic, Christian or Jew, Moslem or Buddhist, by keeping him out of its leadership, through the power of a strong and informed public opinion, and even by handing him over to justice when his activity endangers the security of the state—and over and above all by strengthening everywhere a philosophy of life, intellectual convictions, and constructive work which would make his influence powerless.

On the other hand, a serious task of intellectual reexamination should be undertaken regarding the essentials of democratic philosophy. And it would be especially desirable to develop the understanding of the pluralistic principle and the technique of pluralistic cooperation. It seems to me that the free traditions and the historical set-up of this country would provide special opportunities for such a development.

4. The above-mentioned considerations explain why, writing on French affairs, I often emphasized my hope that the new French democracy would spring from the cooperation between Socialists and Christians. In such a democracy, however, would the "worldwide common faith" implied find in scientific method its highest source of authority? Would "intelligent social planning" be enough to insure the integration of culture? In the democratic culture of the future—if it has a future—will it be "the teacher dedicated to the scientific spirit," "and not the priest," "who will bear the chief responsibility for nurturing, strengthening, and enriching a common faith"?

Here are the main points on which I should like to express disagreement with Mr. Hook's views. I am afraid he has been inspired in these passages by that rationalistic bias whose illusory character I pointed out above (number 2).

The very expression "common faith" which Mr. Hook uses should make us realize that democratic inspiration cannot find in scientific method its highest source of authority. This "faith" is "of a secular not supernatural character"; yet even a secular faith implies the commitment of the whole man and his innermost spiritual energies, and draws its strength, therefore, from beliefs which go far beyond scientific method. In other words, the justification of the practical conclusions which make such a "common faith" common to all is in each one an integral part of this very faith. As for social planning, even intelligent, I am afraid a culture organized by social planning alone would offer little chance for the creative powers of human personality or for the enthusiasm and happiness of the people.

The scientific spirit is of invaluable help for culture in so far as it develops in human minds, in a general way, respect and love for truth and the habits of intellectual accuracy. (This is why, let us observe parenthetically, the scientific spirit of the thirteenth-century Schoolmen played so basic a part in the rise of Western culture.) Yet neither culture nor democracy lives on science alone. Science, especially modern science, deals with the means, especially with the material means, of human life. Wisdom, which deals with the ends, is also—and above all—necessary. And the fact remains that democratic faith—implying as it does faith in justice, in freedom, in brotherly love, in the dignity of the human person, in his rights as well as in his responsibilities, in that quality of just laws which makes them binding in conscience, in the deep-rooted aspirations which call for political and social emancipation of the people—cannot be justified, nurtured, strengthened, and enriched without philosophical or religious convictions—"whether theological, metaphysical, or naturalistic"—which deal with the very substance and meaning of human life. Here appears the truth of T. S. Eliot's emphasis on the organic character of culture, as well as the injustice of reproaching him with suggesting proposals which, if enforced, would result in some kind of "ecclesiastical fascism." For we can be sure it is not to the compulsory power of any ecclesiastical agency but rather to the persuasive power of truth that he makes the effort toward the integration of culture appendant. The effort toward integration must not only be brought about on the level of personality and private life; it is essential to culture itself and the life of the community as a whole: an integration which does not depend on legal enforcement but on spiritual and freely accepted inspiration.

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As a result, it is but normal that in a democratic culture and society the diverse philosophical or religious schools of thought which in their practical conclusions agree with regard to democratic tenets, and which claim to justify them, come into free competition. Let each school assert its belief with fulness and integrity! But let no one try to impose it by force upon the others! The reciprocal tension which ensues will enrich rather than harm the common task.

5. As for myself, who believe that the idea of man propounded by the metaphysics of Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas is the rational foundation of democratic philosophy, and that the Gospel inspiration is its true living soul, I am confident that in the free competition of which I just spoke the Christian leaven would play an ever-growing part. In any case the responsibility for nurturing, strengthening, and enriching a common democratic faith would belong no less to the priest, dedicated to the preaching of the Gospel, than to the teacher, dedicated to the scientific spirit, if both of them come to a clear awareness of the needs of our times and rid themselves of parasitical prejudices inherited from the past. If you are looking for the *chief* responsibility, I would say that as a matter of fact it would probably be that of a leadership made up of Christian laymen and the most enlightened elements of the working classes.

Finally, if I affirm that without genuine and vital reconciliation between democratic inspiration and evangelical inspiration our hopes for the democratic culture of the future will be frustrated, I do not appeal to police force to obtain such reconciliation; I only state what I hold to be true. It would be foolish intolerance to label as intolerance any affirmation of truth which is not watered down with doubt, even if it does not please some of our democratic fellow-citizens. I insist as forcefully as T. S. Eliot that the Christian leaven is necessary to the life and integration of our culture. From the religious point of view I would wish all men to believe in the integrity of Christian truth. From the social-temporal point of view, I would be satisfied if the Christian energies at work in the community draw on the fulness of supernatural faith in a number of men and retain at least their moral impetus in those in whom these energies still exist, perhaps unawares, but have been more or less secularized.

It is true, moreover, that supernatural faith does not provide us with any particular social or political system. In such matters supernatural faith must be complemented by sound practical philosophy, historical information, and social and political experience. Yet supernatural faith, if it is truly lived —in other words, if Christians know "of what spirit they are"—provides them with basic inspiration and vital truths which permeate their social and political systems and work for human dignity, against any kind of totalitarian oppression.

Allow me to add that to consider the religious faith of a poet like T. S. Eliot as "the object of a deliberate will-to-believe enjoying an uneasy triumph over the scruples of intelligence" is perhaps the only way in which an unbeliever can explain to himself such a strange phenomenon, but is in itself perfectly irrelevant. It is no more relevant to pretend that the neo-Thomists regard as "disorder" "the spirit of inquiry and innovation"—I don't mean skepticism—and "the advance of liberty of thought and behavior," if this liberty is inspired by a love for what is true and good.

I should like to conclude by saying that I have been particularly happy to find myself this once in agreement, even qualified, with Sidney Hook, except for the points to which I have just referred, which are of no little importance. Such an agreement on practical conclusions between philosophers whose basic theoretical outlooks are widely separated is, to my mind, an illustration of the pluralistic cooperation of which I spoke.

In the Wind

A FRIEND brings politial gossip from Georgia: that if Justice William O. Douglas is made chairman of the RFC, Francis Biddle will replace him on the Supreme Court and Governor Ellis Arnall will be asked to succeed Biddle as Attorney General; the gossipers point out that there is no Southerner in the Cabinet now and that Arnall is easily confirmable. His liberal friends, however, are advising against it. Eugene Talmadge plans to run for Governor next year, and in Arnall's absence the only likely opponent for him would be the reactionary ex-Governor Eurith D. Rivers.

VIRGINIA is being plastered with small stickers bearing a silhouette map of the state on which are superimposed the words, "Repeal Poll Tax."

A PAMPHLET entitled "Communism Today, or Red Fascism," by Raymond T. Feely, S.J., has on its cover the hammer and sickle turned the wrong way. It looks suspiciously like what the Communists would call a leftist deviation.

AN ADVERTISEMENT in the Washington *Post* of April 7 lists six Christian Science reading-rooms in which you can learn how to release your latent abilities by realizing the delusory nature of material circumstances. Only if you're colored you'll have to learn in a special room.

ON APRIL 1 a Nazi propaganda broadcast said, "The National Socialist Party is no more." The Montreal *Star*, reporting the broadcast on April 2, gave it this headline: "Socialists Out, Says Nazi Radio."

FROM JOHANNESBURG comes this sad tale of the meat situation in South Africa. A man waited patiently in line at a butcher shop, and reached the counter just in time to see the last piece of meat go to somebody else. The same thing happened again the next day. In a rage, the man went to a gunsmith and roared, "I want some bullets!" "What for?" asked the gunsmith. "I'm going to shoot the food controller." "Oh, you too. Get in line."

AMERICA, a highly conservative Catholic weekly, published on April 14 an article entitled FEPC—a Challenge to Democracy, by Richard J. Roche, recommending in the strongest terms a permanent FEPC.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Fascism Wins a Round

BY ALLEN HADEN

BY THE recognition of Argentina on April 9 the State Department sold out democracy in this hemisphere. Against the unanimous opinion of every newspaperman who has actual knowledge of Argentina and its present government, against the opinion of subordinate foreign-service officials, against the opinion of half the American embassy staff in Buenos Aires, recognition was granted to the government of General Edelmiro Farrell within a week of the Argentine Supreme Court's implicit condemnation of the Farrell government as illegal.

Three issues are pointed up by this recognition of Farrell. The first is the rather academic one of recognition policy, important chiefly because it includes the question of relations with fascist states. The second is the department's practice of deliberately misleading American newspapermen about its policy. The third, and most important, is how much political acumen has been displayed by Stettinius's "team."

Let us take up these questions in their order. Recognition of Farrell is recognition of a Nazi-fascist government—or at least so said President Roosevelt on September 29, 1944. The Argentine situation, the President said, presented "the extraordinary paradox of the growth of Nazi-fascist influence and increasing application of Nazi-fascist methods in a country of this hemisphere" just when they were being licked elsewhere in the world. He went on: "The paradox is accentuated by the fact, of which we are all aware, that the vast majority of the people of Argentina have remained steadfast in their faith in their own free, democratic traditions."

A greater paradox than the growth of Argentine fascism is found in the fact that while eleven million American men and women are in uniform fighting for our national life against Nazis and fascists, our State Department creates the opportunity to recognize a clearly Nazi-fascist government at our back door. The men excoriated by the President in September still hold power in Argentina, but now that a new "team" is handling the reins, the promises of these men are taken at their face value and the State Department recognizes their government, as a preliminary, presumably, to Argentina's joining the United Nations.

This action also violates the definition of the recognition policy of the United States given by Assistant Secretary of State Nelson A. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller explained to newspapermen in Mexico City that we would withhold recognition from "any government which threatens the peace of the hemisphere." Has the runaway militarism of the Farrell government of which we formerly heard so much suddenly abated, or is it being conveniently overlooked? Were we misled previously, or are we being gulled now?

The department's press release of April 9 makes it appear that the United States government is trying to hide behind the other American governments. It speaks of members of the Pan-American Union deciding "unanimously, after deliberation, that the measures taken by Argentina were in accordance with the criteria of the resolution on Argentina" adopted at the Mexico City conference. Those criteria were formulated in Resolution LIX, paragraph 5: "The conference hopes that the Argentine nation will implement a policy of cooperative action with the other American nations so as to identify herself with the common policy which these nations are following, and so orient her own policy that she may achieve her incorporation into the United Nations as a signatory of the joint declaration entered into by them."

The important word here is "implement." A State Department official has pointed out that the implementing has consisted in declaring war on the Axis, securing Japanese diplomats (which should have been done long ago), confining crew members of the Graf Spee (after the important officers had been allowed to escape), supplementing the black list by seizing Axis firms (and putting outstanding pro-Nazis in charge of them). "Implementing" a policy is not saying you will do something; it is doing it. Argentina already has a bad record on that score, for it subscribed to the resolutions of Rio de Janeiro in January, 1942, and never implemented them. To accept the assurances of the Farrell government without waiting to see what *continuous action* is taken is at best absurdly ingenuous and complacent. As a footnote, one might add that some thirty agents used by American and British intelligence to watch the Nazis in Argentina are still in jail.

That American newspapermen have been consistently misled can scarcely be denied. They suspected that the appointment of Nelson A. Rockefeller as Assistant Secretary heralded appeasement of Argentina. They suspected also that the methods of James Clement Dunn, engineer of Spanish appeasement from 1936 to 1939 and now raised to Assistant Secretary, would find a wider field of action. But they were reassured privately that nothing of the sort would happen. At Mexico City they were told, privately again, that the word "implement" in the resolution on Argentina meant that General Farrell's government would have to perform before it would be recognized. And so, along with others, this writer went out on a limb and reported that the resolution, though politely worded, contained a hard core of non-appeasement. American newspapermen were invited to crawl out on that limb so it could be cut off behind them, for it was their relentless opposition which had previously prevented appeasement. They were deliberately hoodwinked.

As to the third and most important question, if we mean to defend democracy as an ideological concept and a political and social way of life, recognizing Farrell is indefensible. If we prefer to be coldly pragmatic and plead expediency, it is simply stupid. In all their statements and actions the Farrell government and the Nationalists supporting it have

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been anti-democratic and anti-Allies. By its very nature the regime is anti-American. Nor shall we, by recognition, gain its good-will, for it will not forget that it has been forced to eat crow. On the other hand, by recognizing Farrell we have alienated all Argentines who opposed him and his fascism, which means the majority of the Argentine people. Leaders of all the popular parties—Radical, Conservative, Socialist, Communist—have taken their stand against the military. All these parties cooperate in publishing the underground resistance newspapers—*Himno Nacional* and a dozen others. *Pueblo Argentino,* published in Montevideo under the brilliant editorship of Rodolfo Ghioldi, a Communist, is supported by contributions from all classes of Argentines.

It almost looks as if the State Department's new "team" hastened to recognize the Farrell government to prevent its fall. When the Supreme Court last week invalidated three government decrees, thus implicitly denying the legality of the government itself, it was not speaking only for itself but for a large body of public opinion. The recognition so carefully planned ever since Secretary Hull was forced by illness to leave the State Department, and built up to its climax on April 9 through the long rigmarole of Pan-American Union meetings and the Mexico City conference, will now consolidate the power of General Farrell and his Nazi-fascists.

The Argentine recognition poses an ideological and moral question—the question whether we are pro-democratic or pro-fascist in the United States and the State Department. It is significant that when Paul Ward of the Baltimore *Sun* asked what fascism was, a high State Department spokesman, after pondering six hours, replied that it was "the kind of philosophy in Germany and Italy under Hitler and Mussolini." Another reorganization seems to be in order: we need men in the State Department's top positions who know fascists when they see them.

Note from the Argentine Underground

[*We have received the following statement written by certain prominent members of the Argentine underground whose names, for obvious reasons, cannot be published.*]

RECOGNITION of the Farrell regime is not an isolated incident in United States–Argentine relations. The United States, however, was not acting alone but with all the nations of the continent when it was agreed, in Mexico, to initiate the policy of appeasement that has now reached its culmination. The entire system of American cooperation and the whole juridical and philosophical structure elaborated at Chapultepec are crumbling before the first concrete situation by which they have been tested.

By the acceptance of the farce of fascist Argentina's sudden conversion, all measures for hemispheric defense against Nazi penetration are invalidated, the unity of the war effort is destroyed, the democratic principles recommended as a foundation for the hemisphere's political structure are negated, and the ideas for economic and social progress proclaimed at the conference are rendered impotent.

The transcendent meaning of recognition is that it inaugurates an anti-democratic and reactionary policy that will tend to bolster reactionary elements and to discourage popular forces everywhere. It indicates a trend toward the creation of a reactionary American bloc that will be opposed to the liberal and socialist aims of post-war Europe. Moreover so far as Argentina is concerned, the move was unnecessary, because the position of the Farrell-Perón government on the eve of the Mexico conference was extremely weak, and the democratic opposition was rapidly gaining strength.

Because of the State Department's policy the United States will lose the moral leadership which it was beginning to acquire in Latin America and which was the only practical and acceptable substitute for dollar diplomacy. This break in the inter-American system will cause its collapse, and the various peoples of the continent will again be forced to rely on their own separate strength.

But even this betrayal by the United States will not cause the Argentine people to lose faith. They will find something to replace what has been taken from them; they will not fall a prey to desperation and nihilism. When they consider the catastrophe produced by recognition of their fascist regime they will turn toward the solution offered by the active anti-fascist forces in the world.

If the United States persists in its present policy of supporting fascist dictatorships in Latin America, and if the Soviet Union remains firm in its opposition to the Farrell-Perón regime, the outcome cannot be doubtful. For the Russians are skilful at playing the cards the United States has played so ineptly. In fact, they have already acted, preparatory to the San Francisco conference, and are opposing Argentina's presence there. If Russia succeeds in this, all moderate elements of the democratic movement—even those which from a certain point of view have been anti-Russian—will be forced into the orbit of Soviet diplomacy. And the Russian action will have repercussions not only in Argentina but among all democratic groups in South America. Thus Roosevelt's whole Good Neighbor policy, which was part of an effort to preserve what could be preserved in the American capitalist system, will have failed because of the ineptness of Washington diplomats.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ON MARCH 28 the man whom the AMG had installed as Mayor of Aachen, a German named Franz Oppenhof, was shot and killed. Three stragglers from the Wehrmacht had appeared at his house and demanded civilian clothes and passes which would let them get through the lines and go home. The Mayor told them he must hand them over to the American authorities. But instead of doing so at once—instead of calling an American guard—this schizophrenic German dickered with the three soldiers for several hours. Finally one of them shot him. He was not murdered to punish him for his lack of patriotism but because he had refused to help a deserter.

Three days later was April 1, which in Germany as here is traditionally April Fools' Day, a day for hoaxes and practical jokes. Under ordinary circumstances people would

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have thought it was an April Fools' joke when at 7 p. m. on April 1, over wave-length 1339, a radio station announced itself for the first time as "Station Werewolf," with the additional title, "Station of the German Freedom Movement." The more curious would have looked in the dictionary to see what the werewolf of German sagas really was. They would have found it defined as "a man transformed for a time or periodically into a wolf; a man by day and a wolf by night; a person afflicted with lycanthropy." And they would have found that lycanthropy was "a form of insanity in which a person imagines himself to be a wolf." Fortified with this information, most people would have been convinced that "Station Werewolf" was trying to be funny.

But the broadcast was not a joke. It was, in all probability, the swan song of Dr. Goebbels. Once again, before he departed this life, the classic author of Hollywood B- and C-film fantasies showed what he was capable of and what the world was losing. The broadcast began with an announcement to the effect that only after their defeat would the German people really begin to fight. It seems that the right occasion had not previously arisen, but now the struggle would be on:

> Beware, you Britons, Americans, and Jews! Beware, you Bolsheviks, you OGPU butchers! The Werewolf will know how to reply to every crime against the honor and life of the German people. Woe to the enemies who want to torture and oppress the German people! But thrice woe to Germans who put themselves at the enemy's disposal! Over them hangs the sword of national revenge.

Next came the statement that the "Werewolf movement" had developed spontaneously in the occupied parts of Germany and did not need a Nazi Party, a German government, or a German Reich:

> In this fateful hour countless men, women, and boys in the enemy-occupied regions have rallied to a movement of resistance using the name Werewolf. They have made an inflexible resolve, confirmed by a solemn oath, never to yield to the enemy, to resist him at all times.

Thirdly, listeners were told that even Station Werewolf, which would issue "instructions" at 7 p. m. each day, was broadcasting from territory held by the enemy—as is inexorably expected of all "underground" radio stations in B and C films. For though the location of radio transmitters can be determined by a physical-mathematical calculation in a few minutes, with unfailing accuracy—and as a result there have been no secret stations in this war—movie producers and consumers alike cling to the idea of the secret station on enemy soil as a requisite of modern conspiratorial romance. Well, Goebbels gave us that too in his swan song.

On the next day the Werewolf radio began to issue its instructions to Werewolf members. It was of course somewhat inconvenient that the enemy could listen in and take the necessary counter-measures. But a true movie mind, producer or consumer, does not allow its flights of fancy to be halted by such small embarrassments. On the second day of its existence the Werewolf radio broadcast orders to "kill the American Jew, Bernard Baruch, who wants to come to occupied Germany." Mr. Baruch is marked for death on seven counts:

> He drove America into the First World War. He helped to forge the disgraceful fetters fastened on Germany at Versailles. He incited Britain to this second war and helped Churchill to office. Then once again he incited America to make war on Germany, and now he wants to come to Germany. We are waiting for him. From the moment he sets foot on German soil the shadow of the Werewolves must follow him, and one day the Werewolves will strike.

This was a very definite command. On the third day the instructions were more general. The occupation authorities must have blanched when they heard these simple but portentous directions:

> Attention, Werewolves! The following message is important. Steal weapons and ammunition. Every weapon of the enemy's must be taken from him. Wrap the weapons up and hide them.

On the fourth day the instructions were tied in with the announcement of a victory. For that reason they were of an especially exciting nature. The order was given to kill the "United States Murder Commission in Coblenz," and this order was based on a discovery made in the course of a great Werewolf triumph:

> During a raid which our comrades made yesterday on a convoy of American civilians the secretary of the United States Liquidation Commission, which is to be set up in occupied Germany, was captured. This commission is to organize the extermination of all Germans. Before we liquidated the secretary, he said that the "Murder Commission" was to hold its sessions in Coblenz. Werewolves of Coblenz, take heed! This Murder Commission must not be allowed a quiet moment. Hunt them down! Strike them down!

Let us not speak scornfully of the dying swan, Dr. Goebbels. With his vulgar and incredibly silly movie imagination he has had great influence on the world public; his success should give him a claim on the Oscar of all Oscars. Even in dying he shows that his childish nonsense is admirably suited to his enormous audience—at this moment people are wondering anxiously what in God's name the Werewolves will do next, what will happen when the Nazis "go underground."

Courage, people in the Great World Movie Theater! Let us keep our reason! It seems certain that the Nazis intend to fight to the end in the last corner into which they are driven, whether it be in the Bavarian "redoubt" or elsewhere. But when that fight is finished, let's stop talking about "Werewolves" and other forms of underground resistance. In all history, as in this war so far, there has never been a serious, dangerous, active underground in an occupied country unless there was an army outside on the offensive against the occupying power. There has been, and there will always be, isolated action by desperadoes. But in any country that is effectively occupied 99.9 per cent of the population are submissive. The Allies will need to be on their guard against werewolves and other underground German monsters only when somewhere in the world a state or a group of states sets an army in motion to drive them out of Germany. Only then will a corresponding movement develop underground in Germany.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

SIEGFRIED

In the turret's great glass dome, the apparition, death,
Framed in the glass of the gunsight, a fighter's blinking wing,
Flares softly, a vacant fire. If the flak's inked blurs—
Distributed, statistical—the bombs' lost patterning
Are death, they are death under glass, a chance
For someone yesterday, someone tomorrow; and the fire
That streams from the fighter which is there, not there,
Does not warm you, has not burned them, though they die.
Under the leather and fur and wire, in the gunner's skull,
It is a dream—and he, the watcher, guiltily
Watches the him, the actor, who is innocent.
It happens as it does because it does.
It is unnecessary to understand; if you are still,
In this year of our warfare, indispensable
In general, and in particular dispensable
As a cartridge, a life—it is only to enter
So many knots in a window, so many feet;
To switch on for an instant the steel that understands.
Do as they said; as they said, there is always a reason—
Though neither for you nor for the fatal
Knower of wind, speed, pressure: the unvalued facts.
(In Nature there is neither right nor left nor wrong.)

So the bombs fell: through clouds to the island,
The dragon of maps; and the island's fighters
Rose from its ruins, through blind smoke, to the flights—
And fluttered smashed from the machinery of death.
Yet inside the infallible invulnerable
Machines, the skin of steel, glass, cartridges,
Duties, responsibility, and—surely—deaths,
There was only you: the ignorant life
That grew its weariness and loneliness and wishes
Into your whole wish: "Let it be the way it was.
Let me not matter, let nothing I do matter
To anybody, anybody. Let me be what I was."

And you are home, for good now, almost as you wished;
If you matter, it is as little, almost, as you wished.
If it has changed, still, you have had your wish
And are lucky, as you figured luck—are, really, lucky.
If it is different, if you are different,
It is not from the lives or the cities;
The world's war, just or unjust—the world's peace, war or peace;
But from a separate war: the shell with your name
In the bursting turret, the crystals of your blood
On the splints' wrapped steel, the hours wearing
The quiet body back to its base, its missions done;
And the slow flesh failing, the terrible flesh
Sloughed off at last—and waking, your leg gone,
To the dream, the old, old dream: *it happens,*
It happens as it does, it does, it does—
But not because of you, write the knives of the surgeon,
The gauze of the theater, the bearded and aging face
In the magic glass; if you wake and understand
There is always the nurse, the leg, the drug—
If you understand, there is sleep, there is sleep . . .
Reading of victories and sales and nations
Under the changed maps, in the sunlit papers;
Stumbling to the toilet on one clever leg
Of leather, wire, and willow; staring
Past the lawn and the trees to nothing, to the eyes
You looked away from as they looked away: the world outside
You are released to, rehabilitated
(What will you do now? I don't know);
It is these, it is these. If, standing irresolute
By the whitewashed courthouse, in the leafy street,
You look at the people who look back at you, at home,
And it is different, different—you have understood
Your world at last: you have tasted your own blood.

RANDALL JARRELL

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

THE TERMS FOLK AND FOLKLORE are being assigned meanings so broad that they are rapidly becoming useless as terms. The confusion is such that anyone who attempts to discuss the subject must soon discover that he has a bear by the tail. I shall persist, nevertheless, not because I hope to say any final word but because I should like to raise a few questions and suggest some limitations on the application of the terms that would make them useful again.

Folk, in its anthropological sense, has a fairly specific and rather narrow meaning. It denotes a homogeneous group with a long common tradition and experience. The expression of such a group is unself-conscious, anonymous, and necessarily primitive, though it may be highly skilled, elaborate, and rich in form.

Strictly speaking, there has never been a folk in this country except the Indians and the Negroes. It might be said that Negroes, by reason of slavery and the repression that has been their lot since emancipation, have had the main characteristics of a folk thrust upon them. At any rate, the spirituals, the work songs, and the early and best jazz seem to me to fulfil the definition of folk art.

In some instances—in Pennsylvania, say—a sufficiently large fragment of a European folk settled in one region to constitute a transplantation which survived for a time. In the Southern mountains isolation was a preserving element so far as folk art, if not the folk itself, was concerned. In general, however, conditions in America have been of a sort to break up continuities and traditions, families and groups. Of homogeneity there has been practically none, and even those groups which might conceivably have been called folk when they arrived in America were involved, more or less quickly, in the process of becoming folks.

Fragments of folk art which were scattered throughout

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the country did survive, and became the models for songs and stories and myths which were anonymous, oral, and primitive. Later came similar expressions which had known authors, were written down, and were in a sense sophisticated. But the fact that they were invented by people who were no longer members of a folk, if they ever had been, but folks of an infinite variety of origins and even of degrees of literacy and culture gave to these expressions qualities very different from those of genuine folk material. To illustrate: a folk believed its folk-tales. The people who told or listened to tall tales did not believe them, and the underplay of non-belief and the *conscious* pleasure in the free exercise of the imagination—these are among the essential qualities of the tall tale.

It would be useless, I suppose, to try to shrink the word folklore back to its anthropological meaning. We shall probably, on the contrary, finally have to invent a new word for what once went by the name of folklore. But I shall continue to feel that most of what passes for folklore in this country should be called "folkslore"—especially when I pick up a book like B. A. Botkin's large and in many ways rich collection, "A Treasury of American Folklore."

I admire Mr. Botkin's zeal, but his discrimination seems to me less than adequate. For he not only includes genuine folklore and a great deal of what I should call folkslore; he also seems to think that the term folklore covers every kind of expression short of formal literature; and when he includes quotations from "My Thirty Years Out of the Senate" by Major Jack Downing—the pseudonym of a journalist named Seba Smith—even that limitation disappears. I do not see how the speech of a Congressman in the House of Representatives can be called folklore by any amount of stretching—if it can, the *Congressional Record* takes on a new significance; and when Mr. Botkin gives space in a book labeled folklore to such self-conscious, machine-made, and even commercial material as Knock Knock, Little Moron jokes, and an advertisement in a magazine of the Nueces River Valley Paradise, he demonstrates ad absurdum, it seems to me, the present meaninglessness of the label.

I must admit, however, that misuse of the word folk has gone so far by now that it probably cannot be stopped. I feel particularly quixotic when I note the regularity with which people refer to "Oklahoma!" as a folk opera. Mr. Krutch called it that only a couple of weeks ago in *The Nation*. I thought "Oklahoma!" was a highly romanticized, sophisticated, musical-comedy version of—and comment upon—life in the West around 1900, with words and music by two Broadway song writers. I enjoyed it as that. According to one of the writers, they deliberately "tossed out all the folk songs in the original," meaning "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Lynn Riggs. And in fact most of the elements which gave Mr. Riggs's play a claim to be called folk have been eliminated. The sinister character of the villain is an exception. Some of the songs in "Green Grow the Lilacs" were folk-songs by my definition, and obviously of European origin. Some were adaptations of such songs. Some were cowboy songs and frontier ballads. As Mr. Riggs points out, the play might have been called "An Old Song," for it is in itself, as he designed it, a simple tale in darks and lights "which might have been the substance of an ancient song." That can hardly be said of "Oklahoma!"

Even the original play, however, is in my obstinate view a play about folks rather than a play about a folk, let alone a folk-play. (But then a folk-play, of course, has come to mean a play about folk, not a play created by a folk, which was surely its original meaning.)

I happen to have a special bias, it may be a special knowledge, in this instance. I grew up in the West and spent summers on a ranch. The people I knew there, including cowboys, were folks, not folk. My grandfather, who attended the gold rush, was folks. So was my father, who changed his name when he went West—a practice so common that it gave rise to the song "What Was Your Name in the States?" which is not a folk-song—and was at various times a cow hand, a bartender in a wild saloon, and a county sheriff. The Jewish trader who used to come to the ranch to buy pelts was not folk either.

I am all for searching out and preserving the traditions and skills and continuities in the arts which have persisted in this country despite the great forces which have militated against their existence, and our awareness of it. I am in favor, in a word, of instilling a sense of the past—but primarily as an instrument for making the present and the future more rich and manageable. A sense of the past that is merely antiquarian and nostalgic has no creative function; and the use of the word folk tends to emphasize these aspects.

I don't mean to say that a great deal of "folkslore" is not interesting or charming in its own right. But its intrinsic merit is often overrated because it is old or because it is the expression of an untutored imagination. Some of it is very tiresome, for the untutored imagination can be just as dull or pompous or humorless as any other.

Popular oral expression, old and new, is important and significant. But the flavor of it is not improved for me when it is called folklore. And the word folk applied to such material trails an odor of pretentiousness which is not only displeasing in itself but also very much out of keeping with the material it purports to describe.

In justice to Mr. Botkin, it must be said that he too feels uneasy about the term folklore. In another connection he coined the word folk-say, which seems to me a better designation, if only because it can be read "folks say," for most of the material in his book.

The desire to be, to have been, a folk is very deep—it comes out of a desire for stability and continuity which is healthy enough. The attempt to conjure up a folk where there is none is not necessarily harmless, especially in a world in which, historically, the folk is an anachronism.

I said at the beginning that I had no hope of saying any final word—and at this point I feel more than ever that I have a bear by the tail. But perhaps I have at least demonstrated the need for clarification and for a minimum of definition.

I HAD A LETTER from a reader in Europe a few weeks ago which gave me a feeling, at the very least, of confidence. It came from the Seventh Army front. The writer said that Notes by the Way were among the most refresh-

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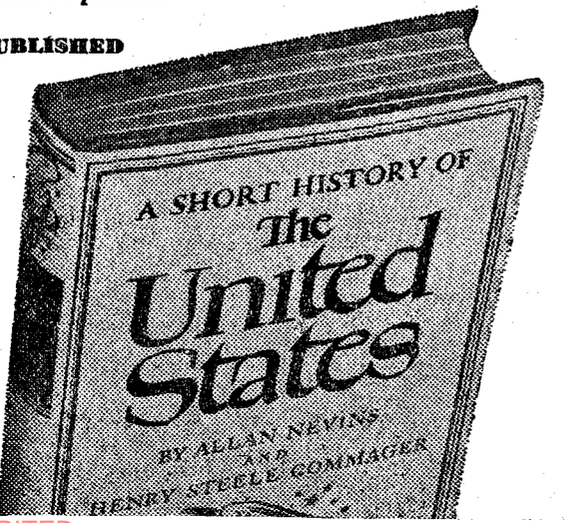

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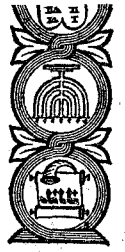

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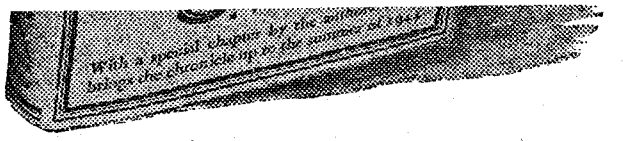

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ing of the letters he received each week, and he ended by saying, "We fondly embrace you here in this exceedingly noisy leaning tower on the western front." A week later *The Nation* received a letter from the home front asking how long I was to be allowed to waste its precious space. I shall try to proceed on the assumption that both customers are right. Anyway, as Palinurus has it, confidence does not become me.

BY THE WAY, "The Satin Slipper" by Paul Claudel, which Frank Jones described in his article on The Theater in Paris some weeks ago, has just been published here in a translation by the Reverend Father John O'Connor, with the collaboration of the author (Sheed and Ward, $3).

The Revolution of '89

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. M. Thompson. Oxford University Press. $5.

IT IS no small achievement to write the perfect textbook on a tangled and controversial subject. J. M. Thompson's "French Revolution" deserves that superlative praise. Its six hundred pages are packed with definite and relevant information. Slips are remarkably few and of trifling importance. Maret, for instance, was not a "future Marshal," although he was a future duke. Mr. Thompson thinks that *bourgeoisie* was an intermediate step between *noblesse* and *roture*; but *bourgeois* were *roturiers*. *Mainmorte*, in 1789, no longer referred to serfdom but to inalienable church property. Some of the facts are seldom found in one-volume histories. The glossary in the "practical preface" is very practical indeed, and the table of organization of the revolutionary government would have been a godsend to the statesmen of the time.

It is refreshing to come across a book free from the perverse bias found in such virulent libels as Madelin's or Gaxotte's. Mr. Thompson does not even mention the latest of these anti-revolutionary theses, advanced by Bernard Fay and Nesta H. Webster: that the Revolution was caused by secret societies in the pay of perfidious Albion. All aspects of the Revolution are presented—political, social, economic, religious. The ideological side is the weakest. The author is by temperament fair and even generous. The worst failures of the Revolution—the civil constitution of the clergy, the *assignates* or territorial bonds, the Jacobin terror—were not, in his opinion, the result of outrageous stupidity or wickedness. The men were well-meaning; the measures were not absurd. They failed; but our own experts are hardly qualified to cast the first stone.

The style is pleasant, with spare and delightful touches of British humor. Once in a while this Britishness is something of a handicap. The average American student will not be enlightened when he is told that "la Cour des Aides" was "attached to what we should call Somerset House."

Mr. Thompson is not quite so free from bias as he believes. He has the curious fondness of the don for corrupt politicians like Danton—just to show that he is superior to donnish prejudices. He has a corresponding and no less donnish aversion to virtue; Lafayette was a prig, Madame Roland was "at heart a courtesan"; and inevitably he abominates the Incorruptible, Robespierre. Not a safe path to understanding. Albert Mathiez, whose book covers exactly the same ground in about the same number of pages, would here provide a much-needed corrective.

We called the work an excellent textbook: frankly, the praise implies reservations. This is not history on the more ambitious scale. There is nothing about the causes of the Revolution, remote or proximate. The immediate events, selected because they belong to the tradition of historical writing, are presented in an even, colorless light. The absence of passion is actually a fault, for the Revolution was passionate, and a scholar who does not feel its glow is a blind man discoursing about colors. The Revolution is indeed an epic, for myths and abstractions—the People, the Nation, the Church, Terror, Liberty, Glory—assumed reality and became protagonists, like the gods in Homer. Michelet remains the supreme historian of that period, because he felt intensely. Hugo's "Ninety Three," corrected by France's "The Gods Are Athirst," would help us understand the great upheaval better than this accurate and very intelligent Baedeker. Finally, a textbook, perfect for the reference shelf, is not intended for the common reader. Mr. Thompson writes well, but his purpose is to marshal innumerable details; the patience of the general public would soon expire. Mr. Thompson did not give us the epic, the romance, or the philosophy of the Revolution. He proposed to himself a hard and definite task; and he did the job exceedingly well.

ALBERT GUERARD

Full Employment and World Trade

AMERICA'S ROLE IN THE WORLD ECONOMY. By Alvin H. Hansen. W. W. Norton and Co. $2.50.

THE United States hopes to export more after the war because it is so rich; it has not figured out how to consume surplus production at home. Britain must export more because it is poor; it has no other way of paying for imported goods, without which it can hardly survive. And quite a number of other countries, Canada for one, are interested in getting larger slices of the international trade pie. Is it enough, under these circumstances, for the various countries to agree on rules against pushing or unfair obstruction of the table? Or would it be more realistic to cooperate in an effort to obtain a bigger pie?

In his guide to post-war world economics Dr. Hansen does not neglect good international manners. His main objective, however, is to urge the need of an expanded pie and to suggest a recipe for baking it. The first essential, he believes, is for nations to look to their own domestic policies. As he says: "The world as a whole failed miserably to make the economy function in a satisfactory manner in the two decades between the two world wars. For this the great industrial nations that control the bulk of the world's resources are mainly to blame. By failing to make adequate use of their own resources in the interests of their own people, economic distress spread to the countries less adequately endowed with natural resources. Out of this failure sprang the breakdown of the world economy and indeed of international political security."

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A particular responsibility attaches to this country because of the tremendous impact of its economy on that of the rest of the world. In the great depression the value of imports fell off even more sharply than national income, with devastating results for the countries supplying the United States with goods and services. These countries in turn, unable to earn dollars, were forced drastically to cut their purchases from America. In the modern world, as long as foreign exchanges are uncontrolled, depressions spread like prairie fires. Consequently, unless America finds ways of stabilizing its economy, other countries will attempt to insulate theirs from its influence. Involuntary insulation is likely to prove unpalatable even to voluntary isolationists.

On present calculations there appears to be a great gap between the volume of goods America hopes to sell and the volume it is prepared to buy from abroad. If this gap is to be filled by foreign loans, it will be necessary, Dr. Hansen says, to maintain a stable flow of credit and not, as after 1930, cut it off just when the borrower's needs are greatest. But in any case, if loans are not to become de facto gifts, they must eventually be repaid in the form of goods and services, for in the long run there is nothing else that can be "used for money" in international trade. That is one reason why if America hopes to export on a large scale it will have to reduce its tariffs and cease to put other obstacles in the way of imports. But the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment is even more important. Without that, resistance to lower tariffs will be terrific, and even if this is overcome, America's capacity to absorb foreign goods and services will be insufficient to match the hoped-for volume of exports.

Believing, then, that international prosperity, like charity, begins at home, Dr. Hansen supports the proposal of the Australian delegation at the Philadelphia International Labor Office Conference for an agreement between governments each to maintain full employment in its own domestic economy. Beyond this, he sees the need for a number of world economic institutions, with the Economic and Social Council projected at Dumbarton Oaks providing leadership and coordination. A large part of his book is devoted to a discussion of such institutions, some of which, like the ILO, are already established, some, like the International Monetary Fund and International Bank, in the painful process of birth. Still others, an International Commodity Corporation, for example, are little more than a twinkle in Dr. Hansen's eye.

The most thorough analysis in the book is that of the Bretton Woods agreement. Dr. Hansen describes clearly the functions and operating methods of the proposed International Monetary Fund and International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and gives a detailed reply to many of the criticisms they have encountered. Two general points he develops very forcefully: first, that most of the risks critics have cited are risks which the United States will encounter in a more exaggerated form if the Bretton Woods plan is turned down; second, that the idea of some bankers that American credit can be used as a whip to compel other countries "to put their houses in order"—in other words, to balance budgets and return to the gold standard—is hopelessly unrealistic. Britain, certainly, has made it clear that it is not prepared to buy stable exchange rates at the cost of mass unemployment. Many Britons, in fact, fear that the provisions of the Monetary Fund may prove too rigid, and it is a pity that Dr. Hansen has not dealt more specifically with their criticisms.

One of America's chief handicaps in formulating foreign trade policies which correspond with its long-term interests is badly informed public opinion. The average business man, unless directly involved in export trade, is only interested if he is threatened with foreign competition. The man in the street is apt to be indifferent; he finds the theory of foreign exchanges and trade balances hard to understand and harder still to connect with his own economic problems. Consequently, there is a great need for authoritative books of this kind, especially designed for laymen. Dr. Hansen has avoided the error of writing down to the general public, but he has sought and achieved a clarity which, all too often, is lacking in popular works by economists. I hope his book will be widely read and carefully studied, especially on Capitol Hill.

KEITH HUTCHISON

BRIEFER COMMENT

Words and Pictures

AT FIRST GLANCE the numerous illustrations—48 plates in color and 125 illustrations in black and white—may seem to be the main attraction of "The Romance of English Literature" (Hastings House, $5). Very fine these pictures certainly are; and only a sample, it is to be hoped, of the kind of book illustration we shall get after the war. For why should the highly developed modern techniques of color reproduction be lavished on advertising alone, and not used, as here, to bring the pick of library and museum before a reader's hungry eyes? The dry, stingy "cuts" of the ordinary kind, in textbook or elsewhere, are here superseded with magnificent lavishness. And the black-and-white reproductions are nearly as rich in their effect as those in color; they range through manuscript holographs, engravings, sketches and caricatures, and prints of all kinds, including the theatrical. To many a reader the "speaking" likeness of John Donne—from a miniature in the British Royal Collection—will alone be worth the price of the book.

The letterpress surrounding the pictures is worth some attention; it, too, is not of an ordinary kind. Each of the seven essays included has either the virtue of firm and brilliant learning or of insight of the best modern kind—sharp, but neither arbitrary nor eccentric. It is an extremely healthy and hopeful sign that these critical pieces, produced during a war, certainly with some slight underlying aim of propaganda, are so free from slant or bias. So that we can overlook Elizabeth Bowen's neglect of Joyce in her discussion of English novelists—something a little different, of course, from novelists writing in English—and not judge Lord David Cecil too harshly for his total misapprehension of the two different kinds of nature and talent possessed by Eliot and Auden respectively. On the other hand, Sir Herbert Grierson, writing on the English Bible from Bede to Basic English, does not neglect that book's influence on either English politics or English literature. Graham Greene

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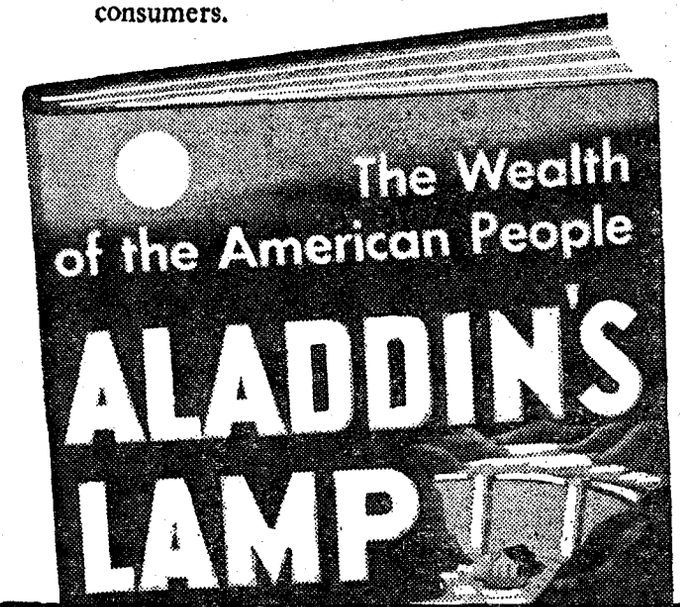

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strikes many flashes from the British dramatists. E. L. Woodward sorts out a typical attitude of British historians ("The moral approach"), but insists that the attitude has its merits. Elizabeth Bowen does a particularly good job on Fielding and Richardson; and Kate O'Brien gives a delightful account of the important but neglected field of English diaries and journals. Kenneth Matthews writes one of the best of the essays, on the subject of British philosophers, summing up thus: "The native characteristics of British philosophy are these: common sense, dislike of complication, a strong preference for the concrete over the abstract, and a certain awkward honesty of method in which an occasional pearl of poetry is imbedded." Lord David Cecil does his best with the dazzling subject of English poetry.

And then we can go back for another bout with the pictures. How wonderful it will be if there is more of this kind of inspired illustrated books in that still ambiguous "post-war world." LOUISE BOGAN

The Moral Intuition

IN "ARE MEN EQUAL?" (Putnam, $2.50) Professor Henry Alonzo Myers of Cornell very wisely turns to literature rather than to science for confirmation of human equality. Science, he insists, is neutral on the subject; the evolutionary appeal to "natural" inequality—survival, success, and the like—is question-begging, and altogether anarchic in its full practical implication, since life is riddled with contingency and no common standard can be agreed upon. Moreover, "are not human values part of nature?" In the American tradition, in Jefferson, Emerson, Lincoln, Whitman, Melville, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, he finds a sentiment, an intuition, a divination of equality. It is not merely prudential, as Hobbes maintained morality and law to be; rather, "it is confirmed . . . by love and comradeship . . . by a tragic sense of the common fate of man . . . whenever men share joys and sorrows," in short, "whenever one man sees another as he sees himself."

This, of course, as Professor Myers admits, is in effect the Kantian imperative, Bentham's utilitarianism, the golden rule—the sovereign moral intuition of the race. But if, as Professor Myers believes, equality and justice are correlative concepts, then it is not equality he is insisting upon so much as equity; for he explicitly repudiates communism. Justice may be an equalitarian notion, but it is predicated on the fact of moral inequality. The truth is that equality and inequality alike are debatable concepts because both must answer the question: equal, or unequal, in respect to what? "Equality," says Professor Myers, "means equal rights . . . equality before law." He underrates the extent to which every legal system is a set of rules that safeguard the victors from the vanquished.

Professor Myers's book is unfortunately weakened by his addiction to the conventional vocabulary and assumptions of liberal thought. He is troubled, for example, by the libertarian critics of democracy who doubt that equality, which they associate with collectivism, is compatible with liberty; he fails to see that every type of society, good or bad, generates its own kind of freedom. In any case, because absolute equality is a chimera, what he calls "the proposition . . . of equal private rights" is always either a euphemism or a half-truth; perhaps he would agree that it is the unattainable limit that defines one aspect of the democratic ideal. Men, after all, are civilized to the extent that they are motivated by the idea of perfection. To preserve that idea, to inculcate it, together with the salutary sense of inequality it entails, is the mark of a humane culture.

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

Gide's "Hamlet"

BY NO MEANS the least interesting part of "Hamlet: Edition Bilingue. Traduction Nouvelle d'André Gide" (Pantheon Books. Limited Edition, $4.50) is the brief preface in which the translator defines his aims and describes impressionistically the effect produced upon him by the original text. "Indiscutablement, se dégage de tout ce lyrique fatras une fumée capiteuse qui porte à la tête, aux sens, au cœur, et nous plonge en un état de transe poétique ou n'intervient plus que très faiblement la raison." The problem of the translator is to be neither merely accurate nor merely lyric but to lose neither the literal sense nor the poetic effect, and the task is supremely difficult when the equivalents must be found in "une langue intransigeante, aux strictes exigences grammaticales et syntaxiques, une langue aussi claire, précise, et prosaïque (pour ne point dire anti-poétique) que la nôtre." To read alternately passages of Shakespeare and passages of Gide's rendering is to conceive a vast respect for the care and artistry of the latter, but to be left nevertheless with the conviction that, upon anyone whose native tongue is English, the chief effect is a fresh sense of the enormously rich complexity of "Hamlet." When you get "Rien; que montrer comment un roi circule au long des tripes d'un mendigot" for "Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar," it is easy to put a finger on one of the things lost—namely, the suggestion of "a royal progress" concealed in the simple word "progress." It is equally clear that something is lost in substituting for "Like quills upon the fretful porpentine" "comme les dards du porc-épic en furie." But here it is hard to say what the loss is. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An Opportunity Missed

PIECING TOGETHER Walter White's hurried and rather haphazardly organized impressions of the condition of our Negro soldiers in England, Italy, and North Africa contained in "The Rising Wind" (Doubleday, Doran, $2), it is apparent that segregation has been basically responsible for the difficulties and tensions which have arisen. By and large, the top command in Europe has tried to be fair, issuing clear-cut directives that all soldiers wearing the uniform of the army must be accorded equality of treatment and showing a laudable willingness to correct particular injustices. Unfortunately these directives have been frequently emasculated or actually ignored by officers of intermediate rank, who are more inclined to prejudice than the soldiers they command. Had these orders been literally obeyed, however, they would not have corrected the consequences of rigid segregation—only the hospitals, Mr.

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White notes, were free of it. The army, by its attitude of "non-intervention" toward the racial status quo, has not only missed an exceptional opportunity to indoctrinate 10,000,000 American citizens with democratic ideas, but has in effect catered to the prejudices of the racially bigoted. It is this failure to seize a magnificent opportunity for mass education rather than the injustices suffered by Negro troops that constitutes the real tragedy. For this failure has made it possible for a bigoted minority within the services to lower our prestige as a democratic nation in the eyes of most Europeans and to undermine the morale of some 700,000 Negro troops. The Negro soldiers whom Mr. White met overseas were uniformly bitter. "An ominous brooding," he writes, "an intent silence, hung like a pall over them." Although he does not make the point, it is quite apparent from Mr. White's timely report that in the army as elsewhere it is not the majority but a minority of the majority who keep prejudiced attitudes alive. How long are we to continue appeasing this minority? CAREY MC WILLIAMS

Looking-Glass Land

THE NEUROTIC PROFESSOR of mathematics at Christ Church College, Oxford, the Reverend Charles L. Dodgson, whom Matthew Arnold called "that clergyman," was also Lewis Carroll, wanderer through the mad world of wonderland. Florence Becker Lennon in "Victoria Through the Looking-Glass" (Simon and Schuster, $3.50) dissects this split personality with a mixture of critical approaches. Obviously Alice's adventures beg for Freudian analysis, with their rabbits and locked doors and passageways; and it is equally obvious to the sociological critic that the whole Victorian Age is reflected in Carroll's looking-glass. Mrs. Lennon skirts the pitfalls of either extreme and balances her work with remarkable delicacy.

Despite a fantastic bibliography, which runs the gamut of the declining West from Plato to Max Eastman, the book is well documented with a mountain of letters, diaries, illustrations, and reminiscences, and is at the same time interesting and very much alive.

Lewis Carroll is a fascinating man. His miraculous escape from the prison of Victorian England, and of his own maladjustments, into the looking-glass land of childhood remains one of literature's greatest accomplishments. Amid the plethora of not always justified literary "renaissances," it is refreshing to find a book that avoids the sensational, content with intelligent critical biography. Lewis Carroll will never have a "renaissance" if only for the simple reason that he does not need one. JOHN SENIOR

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AS THE TITLE SUGGESTS, Karl Brandt's "The Reconstruction of World Agriculture" (Norton, $4) covers a great deal of territory. The term "reconstruction" is used to include post-war food relief, the rehabilitation of agriculture in war-torn countries, and post-war adjustments in agriculture around the world.

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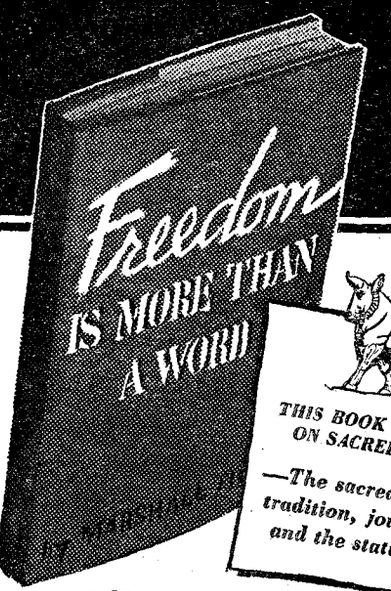

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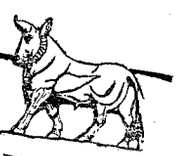

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pre-war diets, without undue sacrifice in the countries supplying the food. This is not to say that all diets will meet desirable nutritional standards—they didn't before the war. Neither is it to say that political and administrative bungling may not result in some people going hungry.

The book's central thesis with respect to post-war agricultural rehabilitation in Europe is that the prompt recovery of agriculture is dependent upon the prompt rehabilitation of European industry and the revival of world trade. This in turn is held to be dependent upon the export of capital from capital-surplus countries such as the United States, progressive reduction of tariff barriers throughout the world, stable currencies, and freedom from the fear of another war. Restriction of foreign trade and the flow of investment capital, the author believes, can result only in a smaller total quantity of goods and services for distribution among the peoples of the world and widespread unemployment and stagnation in those countries where the physical plant, both agricultural and industrial, has suffered most from the war. Economic stagnation, it is pointed out, provides a fertile ground for revolution and the growth of dictatorships, which in turn lead to war.

The book contains a great deal of information on the course of agricultural production and trade during World War I, the inter-war period, and World War II. It provides a broad view of the intricate relationships in world agriculture, with which relatively few Americans are familiar. The author deals realistically with the many hurdles that will have to be taken if his proposed solution to the problem of developing a stable and prosperous agriculture in the post-war world is accepted. In fact, his analysis of the difficulties to be overcome makes them bulk so large that this reviewer is left with the feeling that the solutions offered, particularly in connection with the proposed reduction of tariff barriers, are likely to prove inadequate. From the standpoint of treatment of the main issues, one could wish at times that the author had resisted the temptation to investigate at length so many side alleys; nevertheless, the side alleys do provide a great deal of information on related problems.

F. F. HILL

Nationality and Nationalism

IN HIS LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS Voltaire, as a rule, added as postscript, "Ecrasez l'infame," meaning the Catholic church. Had he lived two centuries later he would have probably meant nationalism instead. However, Voltaire would certainly have used the term, not in its English sense as an equivalent for national sentiment, but for national aggressiveness. If Frederick Hertz's "Nationality in History and Politics" (Oxford, $6.50) had no other merit than to prove that "wild nationalism" is not a mere exaggeration of "mild nationalism" or that the difference between Gladstone and Hitler is not only one of degree, this alone would make it worth reading. His analysis of the two aspects of nationality, the positive side striving for national freedom, and the negative striving for superiority and domination, is most illuminating. Scarcely anyone is more competent to determine the correlation between national consciousness and some of its supposed components, such as race, language, religion,

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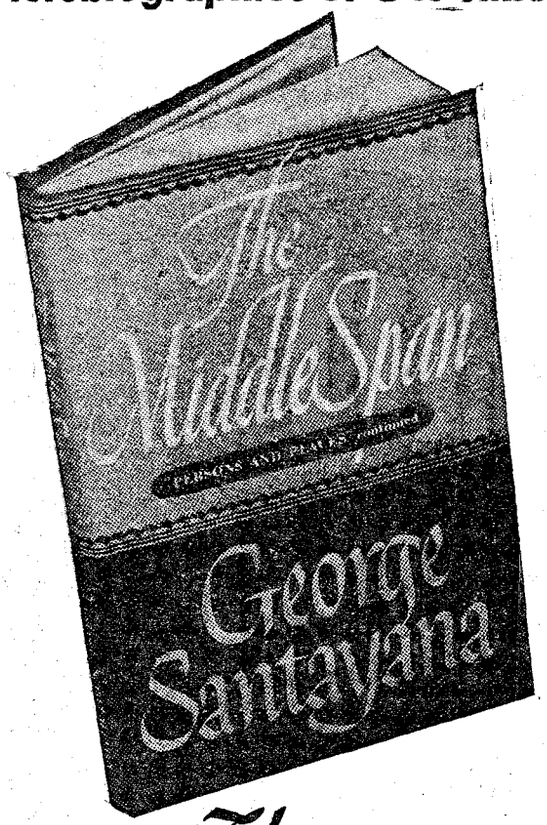

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territory, state, and moral background, than Mr. Hertz, whose previous book, "Race and Civilization" (1928), is a classic on this subject. His argument that while "violent nationalism" was due to the achievements of our civilization, its value must not be exaggerated is as interesting as his analysis of political thought and its relation to national ideology. It appears that Shaftesbury criticized national vanity and egotism, that Rousseau, though he favored national institutions and traditions, was completely opposed to the essence of modern nationalism, the workshop of prestige and power. Even Fichte, who is regarded as an early pioneer of Nazism, defended the French Revolution and combated the ideas of present pan-Germanism, Hegel was no nationalist, and Nietzsche rejected as foolish the cult of the state and nationality. Like parvenus in general, Nazism claims an ancestry which refuses to justify its progeny.

National consciousness "may be peaceable or pugnacious, progressive or reactionary, tolerant or fanatic" according to the various forms it assumes in the course of history. We unfortunate contemporaries are the victims of the second variety, which has degenerated into the most devastating epidemic. Each age, nation, class, party, or philosophy has contributed to the causes of this pernicious disease. The author may be right in saying that "the first step to a practical cure consists in discarding imaginary causes," just as modern medicine could not develop as long as people believed in evil demons.

Dr. Hertz promises to deal with his conclusions and practical suggestions in further studies which are shortly to be published. For delegates to the San Francisco conference this volume as well as its sequel should be required reading, for it will help them to recognize the warlike rapscallion which likes to be mistaken for nationality, the creator of precious cultural values.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

A Boy's Life

DENTON WELCH'S "Maiden Voyage" (L. B. Fischer, $2.75), describing an English boy during a rebellious term at public school and a visit to his father in China, is a tonic example of writing about adolescence that has neither insincerity of thought nor sentimentality of style. The young man's—and the author's—ruthless artist's curiosity is the most impressive and original element in the book and is effectively conveyed by a simple, somewhat blunt prose which cuts a clean path through the temptations of fine writing and excessive subjectivity, giving as much emphasis to the observed scene as to the boy's inner comment. It is not saccharine innocence that constitutes his charm, and hence the book's unity, but a combination of sensibility with intelligence active upon an amazing number of levels. In "Maiden Voyage" one realizes again and again, through a superior recording and interpretative medium, that the world is a terrifying place—and not merely the world of 1945—and that in spite of the supposed bulwarks of progress and modern education a great deal of the boy's horror remains in the finest people always. The grown-up, respectable persons are perhaps the most frightening part of Mr. Welch's world—there is a pleasant exception in the nameless sketch of the headmaster of Repton, clearly Arch-

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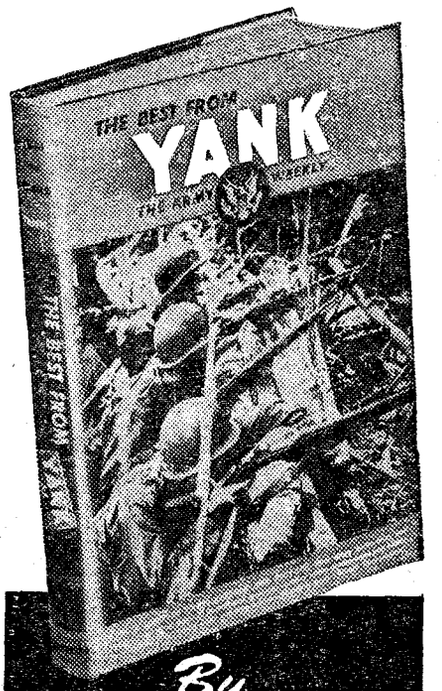

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ISABELLA W. ATHEY

"PHILADELPHIA HOLY EXPERIMENT" (Doubleday, Doran, $3.75) is another one of Struthers Burt's Baedekers; the last one was about Wyoming. Mr. Burt's prose is compounded of miscellaneous erudition and witticisms and manages to carry the burden of a loosely strung together history of Philadelphia. His cowboys and Indians were much more interesting.

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VERSE CHRONICLE

Frost and Tate

FORTUNATE in the fine adequacy of his rural symbolism and native style, Robert Frost has always seemed the most self-sufficient of living poets. But now on his seventieth birthday he has published a poem, "A Masque of Reason" (Holt, $2), which is not only unique among his writings but is also in obvious debt to other poets. In this dialogue in heaven between Job, Job's wife, and God on the subject of divine justice, the heaven is an artificial paradise reminiscent of Yeats's Byzantium. More oddly still, God has a "prefabricated" throne, liable to sudden and embarrassing collapses as in some modernistic fantasy of Auden's.

But Yeats and Auden here fuse—if they fuse at all—into a whimsicality typical of no one but Frost himself. The trouble with such humor in Frost is that it is too often not a laugh but a smirk—the reflex of an incorrigible complacency. Least apparent in those beautiful poems in which he is the observer, at once realistic and visionary, of New England objects and occupations, it is apt to become overwhelming at those times when he is explicitly the philosopher. And "A Masque of Reason," with its unearthly setting and despite all its rustic banter and horseplay, is pure speculation. On Judgment Day God appears to Job and his wife; but it is God, not they, who is judged, and that in the light of a skepticism which seems to infect God Himself.

God . . . . . Job and I together
Found out the discipline man needed most
Was to learn his submission to unreason;
And that for man's own sake as well as mine,
So he won't find it hard to take his orders
From his inferiors in intelligence
In peace and war—especially in war.
Job So he won't find it hard to take his war.
God You have the idea. There's not much I can tell you.

The skepticism is all right with this reviewer; but it gives rise in the poem to extravagances of whimsy which suggest that Frost is after all a little wary of the consequences of his doubt and wants to whittle it down to the size of a joke. So he has God say to Job, "I promote you to a saint"; and Job's wife asks whether God "would take a prayer that

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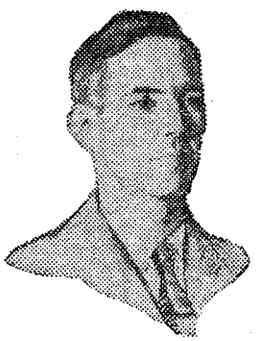

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started off Lord God of Hostesses"; and God remarks of Satan that "He thinks he's smart." The poem ends, suitably, with Job's wife inviting God, Satan, and Job to pose for a snapshot.

Allen Tate is a poet who seldom achieves Frost's perfection of style, but he has other qualities. He is too intelligent and cosmopolitan to find in his region, the South, the absolute satisfaction that Frost discovers in his attachment to New England. Indeed, he remains unreconciled to pretty much everything: our literature, our civilization, our wars; and in his new book, "The Winter Sea" (Cummington Press, $5), he struggles, as few other poets are really struggling, to express in verse his civilized horror of the war. If, then, Tate lacks Frost's repose, he also lacks his complacency. If his work is a perpetual experiment, a poetry labored out of intractable material by the naked will, it is invariably *interesting*. Through his honest attempts to write always with great seriousness and complexity, he is forever illustrating the importance as well as the problems of such writing. And it is Tate, not Frost, who influences the younger poets.

We see him at his ambitious worst in the first of his new series of Christmas sonnets. The poem is terribly obscure in some of its details, but the general drift is clear: it is a sardonic statement of the difficulty of attaining Christian faith in a world of science and war. Here is the sestet:

> Suppose I take an arrogant bomber, stroke
> By stroke, up to the frazzled sun to hear
> Sun-ghostlings whisper: Yes, the capital yoke—
> Remove it and there's not a ghost to fear
> This crucial day, whose decapitate joke
> Languidly winds into the inner ear.

Of these lines, only the last seems to me to have any finality in its movement, its pattern of word sounds, or its imagery. There is nothing in the poem to prepare us for the mysterious "sun-ghostlings" with their important message. I fail to see the justice of "stroke by stroke" in connection with the ascent of a bomber. Both "stroke" and "yoke" appear, indeed, to be dragged in so that the poet may have his "decapitate joke" and his rhyme too. As so often in Tate, the distinction arising from the use of Latinate adjectives ("arrogant," "capital," "decapitate," "crucial") is here overworked. And finally the puns involved in the words "crucial," "capital," and "decapitate" (for the crucified Christ, who is the hero of the poem, is of course one of Frazer's hanged gods) seem to me merely pedantic.

Yet the second of the Christmas sonnets is as skilful as the first was bungling. It begins with a picture, both satirical and touching, of old, middle-class Christmases:

> How pleasantly the holly wreaths did hang
> And how stuffed Santa did his reindeer clang
> Above the golden oaken mantel, years ago!

and proceeds very simply to its effective conclusion:

> Then hang this picture for a calendar,
> As sheep for goat, and pray most fixedly
> For the cold martial progress of your star,
> With thoughts of commerce and society,
> Well-milked Chinese, Negroes who cannot sing,
> The Huns gelded and feeding in a ring.

There are other good strokes of political satire in "The Winter Sea." Too often, however, they are incidental to the stress and strain resulting from Tate's efforts to adapt to his uses the ode, the eclogue, the spiritual, and other recalcitrant forms.

F. W. DUPEE

FICTION IN REVIEW

DESPITE the fact that William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf" (Harper, $2.50) is unusually easy and gratifying to read, it is a difficult book to write about. For it carves out such a seemingly minor literary task for itself—to tell the story of the friendship of two boys through high school and college—that one hesitates to burden it with the kind of "importance" to which the author is notably indifferent. And yet it not only goes about its work with a precise skill which is rare in current fiction but also manages to evoke very much larger meanings than appear on the surface. The source of this suggestiveness is, of course, its style. Style is latent content, and there is an uncommonly rich latent content beneath the modest explicit content of Mr. Maxwell's novel.

The prose of most current fiction is either excessively, and falsely, simple or prodigal without discipline, and in either category the only dimension added by style is likely to be the dimension of the author's ego. But "The Folded Leaf," written with genuine simplicity, allows the author to stand in the most useful possible relationship to his material. In full control of his characters and situations but not merged with them, he is free to comment on their fates in his own person, so that we have the advantage of his intellect as well as of his creativity; in the degree that he keeps his personality clear of his people, he achieves a true distinction of personality. Thus a scene of a high-school-fraternity initiation not only is reported for all its worth as narrative but also gives Mr. Maxwell the opportunity for a very pleasant essay on the anthropological occasion. Or often Mr. Maxwell will point out, lightly but sharply, the pattern of circumstance in which his characters have been caught. Obviously this commentative function is a very proper function of an author. All the great novelists of the past assumed it eagerly. But very few present-day writers have enough distance from their fictional material to permit it.

"The Folded Leaf" is divided into many small chapters, each of them concerned with a moment of significance in the lives of its characters, and Mr. Maxwell is at his best when these moments are physically seen. The initiation ceremony which I have mentioned is perhaps outstanding in the book, but there are any number of lesser scenes—in Spud and Lymie's college rooming-house, for instance, or at Spud's boxing work-outs, or at a college spring riot—which have an almost fragrant authenticity. Mr. Maxwell has a remarkable, if quiet, gift for observation; his record of Middle Western American life in the '20's adds up to a more important social document than he was perhaps conscious of. But in the last third of the novel, when, because the story must be brought to a climax and conclusion, Mr. Maxwell concerns himself with purely emotional developments, he becomes spare and even unconvincing. It is of course the scenario of "The Folded Leaf" to bring Spud and Lymie to

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manhood at the end of the volume, but to assume, in a novel, that people are mature and competent simply because they have reached a point where maturity is asked of them is to contrive for fictional characters an outcome constantly denied people in reality. The resolution of "The Folded Leaf" is not only shadowy but fortuitous. I completely doubt the independence which Lymie is supposed to have found so suddenly, and I look to the future of Spud with an uneasiness which his author gives us no evidence that he shares.

It is perhaps unfair to measure Stephen Seley's "The Cradle Will Fall" (Harcourt, Brace, $2), a first novel, against Mr. Maxwell's practiced writing, but Mr. Seley's novel is also a story of American boyhood in the '20's and, like Mr. Maxwell, the author of "The Cradle Will Fall" is modest in his literary intention. But here all similarity ends, for from title to conception to prose "The Cradle Will Fall" is a novel that puts no distance at all between author and subject. Mr. Seley is everywhere in his story, and as a consequence his story has little life of its own.

Not the least significant result of Mr. Seley's self-indulgent method is the fact that the chief emotion it generates is the emotion of pity. While "The Cradle Will Fall" is able to hint that its central character deserves better than this limited response, it denies him the dignity to demand it. Its rather primitive psychoanalytical delving—in contrast to Mr. Maxwell's psychological attitude, which is simply to picture the behavior and let us draw our own conclusions—preconditions the reader's own fantasies and guarantees in advance an identification between reader and central character on the same level as between author and central character.

It is also interesting to contrast Mr. Seley's novel with Mr. Maxwell's as a social document. I should say that Mr. Seley is at a good deal more pains than the author of "The Folded Leaf" to recapture the iconography of his time: there is more of the business of what songs were sung, what cars were driven, what values were booming, and so forth. But social documentation of this kind inevitably loses both point and savor when it is used only to suggest a possible context and not actually to create character.

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

HANS HOFMANN is in all probability the most important art teacher of our time. Not only has his school sent out good painters; the insights into modern art of the man himself have gone deeper than those of any other contemporary. He has, at least in my opinion, grasped the issues at stake better than did Roger Fry and better than Mondrian, Kandinsky, Lhote, Ozenfant, and all the others who have tried to "explicate" the recent revolution in painting. Hofmann has not yet published his views, but they have already directly and indirectly influenced many, including this writer—who owes more to the initial illumination received from Hofmann's lectures than to any other source. (Whether this redounds to Hofmann's credit or not I leave to others to decide.) Hofmann practices what he teaches, and his second one-man show of painting in this country—his first was held only last year—is now running at 67 Gallery (through April 21). It would be unfair of me to pretend to critical detachment with regard to it. I find the same quality in Hofmann's painting that I find in his words—both are completely relevant. His painting is all painting; none of it is publicity, mode, or literature. It deals with the crucial problems of contemporary painting on its highest level in the most radical and uncompromising way, asserting that painting exists first of all in its medium and must there resolve itself before going on to do anything else. Perhaps Hofmann surrenders himself too unreservedly to the medium—that is, to spontaneity—and lets color dictate too much: his pictures sometimes fly apart because they are organized almost exclusively on the basis of color relations. Perhaps he insists too little on the resistances of his own temperament—in every artist there must be something that fights against being set down in art and yet whose setting-down constitutes part of the triumph of art. Be that as it may, the works of the teacher do not betray his teachings. Hofmann has become a force to be reckoned with in the practice as well as in the interpretation of modern art.

I may have seemed high-handed in my disposal two weeks back of Mondrian's theories. The irritation caused by any sort of dogmatic prescription in art was most likely responsible. Mondrian attempted to elevate as the goal of the total historical development of art what is after all only a time-circumscribed style. That style may be—I myself believe it is—the direction in which high art now tends and will continue to tend in the foreseeable future. But in art a historical tendency cannot be presented as an end in itself. Anything can be art now or in the future—if it works—and there are no hierarchies of styles except on the basis of past performances. And these are powerless to govern the future. What may have been the high style of one period becomes the kitsch of another. All this is elementary; yet it needs to be repeated in Mondrian's case. These reservations made, one can proceed to value Mondrian's theories—which are logical deductions from the results of his own practice and from the evidence of the world around him as to the aesthetic and social implications of abstract art—for the brilliant insights they are. With Marx, he anticipated the disappearance of works of art—pictures, sculpture—when the material décor of life and life itself had become beautiful. With Marx, he saw the true end of human striving as complete deliverance from the oppression of nature, both inside and outside the human being. With Marx, he saw that man has to *denaturalize* himself and the things he deals with in order to realize his own true nature. He saw that what is wrong at present is that man only partly denaturalizes his own nature and his environment, and through this partial denaturalization—that is, capitalism, the suburbs of Chicago, radio, movies, vicarious experience, popular taste—attains precisely the opposite of what he really wants. Mondrian's art was not "inhuman"; it did not aim at "perfection"; it aimed at nothing beyond itself. But it was guided by an ideal, as all human action in or out of art should be.

Films

JAMES AGEE

FRED ALLEN'S picture "It's in the Bag" is the story of a flea impresario named Floogle (Mr. Allen) who inherits a fortune and in the process of getting hold of it runs into Jack Benny, Minerva Pius, Robert Benchley, Jerry Colonna, Binnie Barnes, William Bendix, John Carradine, and others,

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often very amusingly, sometimes not, knocking off enough sparks of satire in the process to destroy and fulfil a much worse civilization than this one if their molecular energy were organized into their ultimate, collective, bomblike meaning.

"The Unseen," a story about a governess and some rather provocative children who live next a portentous deserted house, is done with quite a bit of intelligence and sophistication (it was produced by John Houseman and directed by Lewis Allen), but unlike Allen's "The Uninvited" it only generates sporadic wincing qualms of excitement without ordering them into anything constant and cumulative.

"Molly and Me" is the sort of story you might run across in its fifth buckram binding, illustrated, along the General Fiction shelves of a provincial public library: ex-theatrical housekeeper sweetens up rich old griper; London; turn of the century. It is a tame, old-fashioned, charming, worthless picture, very prettily done, with an admirably intense performance by Doris Lloyd, a likable one by Monty Woolley, and a perfectly beautiful one by Gracie Fields. I think Miss Fields is about as nice a woman over forty as I have ever seen; I have certainly never seen anyone in movies to approach her in that age bracket. I recommend her highly to anyone who has ceased to believe it is possible to grow decently into middle age.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE documentary war film "Fury in the Pacific" left me feeling again that such a film should be presented with the real sound of the incidents if this is available, or otherwise with no sound at all. It seems to me an affront to the men shown in the film to have their experiences accompanied by the phony musical paroxysms of a "modern" musical score written by someone a safe thousand miles or more from the battle. But apparently there can be no film without music.

And in broadcasting there can be no music without talk—and not just talk but the talk of ignoramuses pretending to knowledge. Even when the audience is the supposedly literate one for which the Book-of-the-Month Club sponsors broadcasts of chamber music performed by the Budapest Quartet it cannot simply be told what work it is going to hear and then be allowed to hear the work; it must first listen to a slinging around of pretentious statements about the background and derivation and style of the work that are sheer nonsense and falsehood—the statement, for example, that the melodies of Mozart's Quartet K. 428 approximate those of Schumann and Brahms; or that there is in Beethoven's Opus 95 a chromaticism that is almost Wagnerian.

The Book-of-the-Month Club's broadcasts also have suffered from one of the consequences of American commercialization of radio—the rigidity of its time-divisions and program-scheduling. In England the B. B. C. can build a program and then give it whatever time it needs; in America when a Beethoven quartet did not fit into the half-hour that N. B. C. had assigned to the series, a few years ago, a movement or two was sliced out. And one of the Book-of-the-Month Club's hour-long broadcasts has offered the Ravel Quartet and only two movements of a Beethoven Opus 18; another a Brahms quartet and only the slow movement of Beethoven's Opus 132.

The truth of Edwin Denby's observation that in classic ballet the ballerina sets the tone for the entire performance and the entire company may be observed in what the young dancers of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe are doing in response to Danilova, and on the other hand in the effect that Toumanova has on the dancers and performances of Ballet Theater. Toumanova herself continues to produce nightmarish caricatures of the beautiful classic dancing she used to do: in the first performance of "Swan Lake" her movements were again overdeliberately distended and exaggerated in a steely demonstration of technical prowess. She was, I take it, proving that she can lift her leg higher than anybody else; and one thing to say about that is that we are convinced, and now please will she stop proving it and just dance her part in "Swan Lake." Another thing to say is that nobody should want to lift her leg that high—which brings me to the effect on the company: not only did the slowness of Toumanova's gigantesque movement communicate itself to the entire performance, but in "Graduation Ball" there was the dismaying sight of Alonso, in her classic *pas de deux*, also exaggerating the height of her leg-gestures and distending her other movements as she had not done last fall; and I thought there was a little of this exaggeration by Hightower in the "Bluebird" variation and in the first performance of Balanchine's "Waltz Academy."

The violently whipped-up movements of other dancers in that first performance of "Waltz Academy" seemed at first like further evidence of Toumanova's influence; but later they appeared to be rather a result of the dancers' insecurity in relation to the music, caused by the ballet companies' practice of starting their engagements with a largely new orchestra that hasn't been sufficiently rehearsed in advance with the dancers. For at the second performance a couple of days later, where the dancing was securely fitted to the music, it was relaxed again, and the piece came out fresh, clear, and lovely—not only one of the most beautiful works in Ballet Theater's repertory but the classic work that is most beautifully performed.

It is the non-classic ballets that Ballet Theater does well; or rather the non-classic ballets which are watched over by their choreographers: Tudor's "Pillar of Fire," "Lilac Garden," "Romeo and Juliet" (in which Nora Kaye's Juliet grows constantly more beautiful), Robbins's "Fancy Free," Agnes de Mille's "Tally-Ho," Massine's "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Massine's own performance still one of the great things in ballet). "Graduation Ball" not only has lost what Riabouchinska and Lichine contributed to the performances (though Janet Reed and Harold Lang are charming), but with Lichine not around some of the points are being underlined too heavily and considerable new business has been introduced that does the piece no good.

Of the new works I have seen thus far only Nijinska's "Harvest Time," which is silly except when it is putting Toumanova through the acrobatics of her present style; and then it is awful.

I have found the February-March Balanchine number of *Dance Index* exciting to read and to look at. It contains Agnes de Mille's vivid description of some of the things in "The Prodigal Son," and a richly illuminating discussion by Edwin Denby of Balanchine's development away from such "modernism" to his present classicism, in which, says Denby, the novelty is that it "moves you by the act of dancing and not, as the fashion was from 1910 to 1940, by opposing to that act obstacles of various kinds of mimicry—pictorial, psychological, musical, or social." These articles are documented by the photographs of some of the works; and there are also some valuable observations on dancing and ballet by Balanchine himself, made originally in the classroom and theater.

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Letters to the Editors

Religion and Politics

Dear Sirs: The Archbishop of New York has condemned the request of 1,600 Protestant ministers that no religious authority be allowed to participate in the settlement of territorial and political problems resulting from the war. The Archbishop obviously wants the Pope to be the biggest of the Big Three, Four, or Five. He is entitled to cherish this desire, but he has no right to transform a political into a religious issue. The Pope and other heads of religious organizations are certainly justified in asserting moral and religious principles and in judging international problems in the light of such principles, but they have no right to participate in international conferences to decide political and not religious questions. The point under discussion is the right of a religious authority to overstep religious limits and to act as a political power.

The Archbishop has reminded the 1,600 Protestant ministers of their duty not to "insult" the Catholic faith; but they never did so, unless disagreeing with the Archbishop on a political issue can be so construed. According to the Archbishop, these ministers did a disservice to national unity by forgetting that twenty-five million American Catholics are doing their part in winning the war. If the Catholics number twenty-five million, non-Catholics number more than a hundred million. Must the latter accept the political demands of the Catholics without discussion? And if they fail in this duty, will the twenty-five million refuse to do their part in winning the war? According to the Archbishop, there are two classes of American citizens—twenty-five million Catholics who have the right to command and one hundred million non-Catholics who have the duty to obey whenever the Pope is concerned.

From all appearances even the Vatican's charitable activities serve its political ambitions. The Vatican daily, the *Osservatore Romano*, in discussing Soviet press attacks upon Vatican policies states: "One could have hoped after the numerous convincing testimonies of the many solicitudes and constant charities designed to attenuate the horrors of war and to soften incalculable sufferings offered by the Holy See . . . that at least certain methods of explicit anti-religious hatred would be abandoned." It is as if a defendant were to demand acquittal in a case of forgery by showing the judge a receipt for a charitable donation. Does the *Osservatore Romano* not realize that as soon as people grasp the political ambitions behind the Vatican's charitable activities, those activities will no longer arouse gratitude but suspicion and contempt?

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., March 8

Dr. Lin and Mr. Snow

Dear Sirs: In his answer to Edgar Snow's review of "Vigil of a Nation" Lin Yutang stresses the importance of documentation. Almost all spokesmen for the Chungking government studiously avoid discussing facts; they prefer to argue the so-called Kuomintang-Communist Party issue in terms of theories, probabilities, and personal predilections. If we proceeded from facts, however, we would ask what life is like for people in the Chunking government areas and in the Border Region, and then ask, why?

All reporters from the Border Region areas, including myself, agree that under Communist, good Kuomintang, or non-party leadership the people there are participants in a vital process of democracy and are creating for themselves a more satisfying life. What we have seen there is more important and pertinent in discussing China than the documents and theories so often used in an attempt to blackout the facts.

Dr. Lin uses Mao Tse-tung's "The New Democracy" and Chang Hao's "Chinese Party Tactics and Party Lines" as important documentary material. He label's Chang Hao's book "a complete 'Tanaka Memorial.'" Now this is a smear. He also criticizes the Communists because their activities are "in accordance with a set plan." Would he think better of them if they acted without a plan? He mentions "The New Democracy" as though he were unearthing a damning document. But this material is as well known to students of the China situation as is the Atlantic Charter. The Communists have never attempted to hide their analyses of the situation. Their views are printed in newspapers and documents, are often translated into English, and are circulated in China and abroad.

Dr. Lin's statement that "their primary loyalty [is] to Moscow" is again an attempt to smear. Is it true? Yes—and no. Yes, in the sense that we American Christians affirm our loyalty to a foreigner, Jesus. No, because anyone can understand that no American and no Chinese could be a Russian even if he wanted to.

MAUD RUSSELL

Passaic, N. J., March 27

Dear Sirs: The march of victorious armies seems to have given Edgar Snow a superiority complex. He may mouth words about "authentic Chinese patterns," but anyone familiar with his writings knows that he bases his judgments on other values. Dr. Lin Yutang frankly says that he believes a state of war exists between Yenan and Chungking, and he appraises an opponent by the opponent's own standards and values. If Frederick Schuman was right

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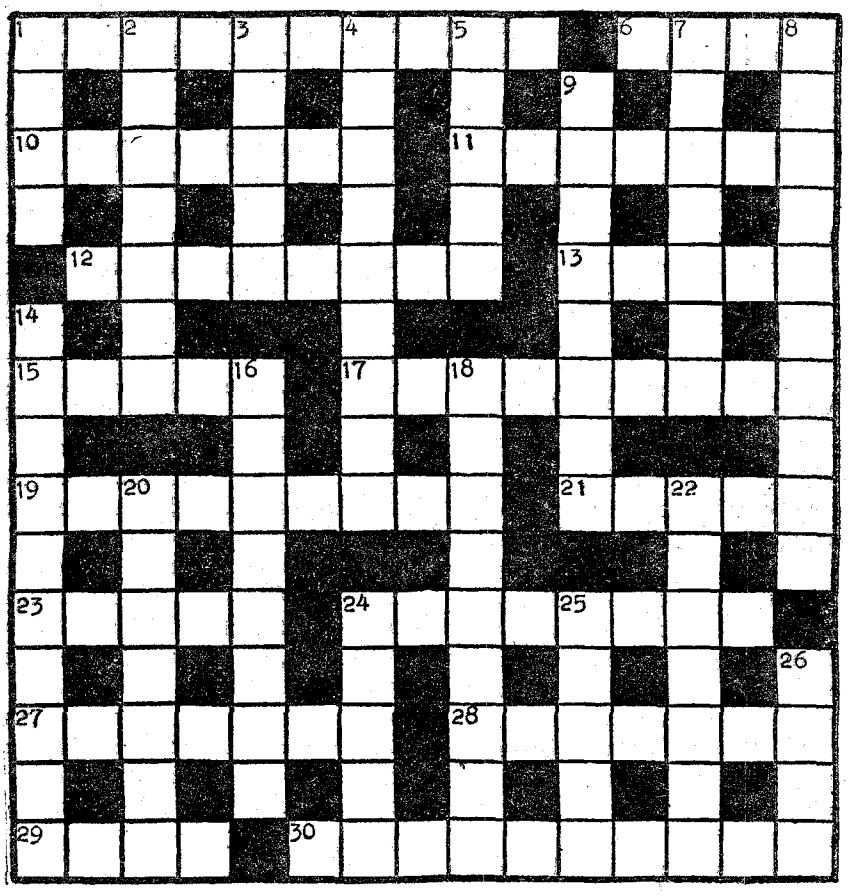
Crossword Puzzle No. 112

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Able person requires slight change: handsome result guaranteed
6 Decapitated hornets are venomous
10 Interminable
11 An offspring of Spanish royalty
12 Sir Walter naturally comes first with his people
13 Taking it easy, perhaps
15 A graphic line
17 Relating to an uncle
19 Man on diet (anag.)
21 Reject with disdain
23 Victim in a French bath murder case
24 Cows like this plant, but it doesn't like them
27 Universal love. (Should be cautious about it!)
28 State in which the red man can still be found
29 Plenty of work for the hammer
30 Errand possibly accompanied by a show of arms

DOWN

1 French legend of a piper
2 Is this what the photographer uses when a print has been over-enlarged?
3 Trove is hidden here
4 Ass and ant about to be ill
5 Edinburgh's river ("A poor thing, but mine own")
7 "I record only the sunny hours"
8 Amazing the way some firms are arranging vacations today
9 Torments
14 Sparing, but makes one comical
16 Even *he* found the 1943 income-tax form beyond him!
18 Sap with fur tail
20 Sarcastic
22 A Sunday word for "screech"
24 "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, ----- and neutral, in a moment?" (*Macbeth*)
25 In the circumstances, I'd let her go (hidden)
26 Ticket of leave

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 111

ACROSS:—1 JESSICA; 5 SCHEMER; 9 HUBBARD; 10 ALUMNUS; 11 SNORE; 12 ELI; 13 THORN; 14 NUANCES; 16 LAMENTS; 18 TUSSORE; 21 JANUARY; 24 CATER; 26 ELF; 27 SIMLA; 28 ERASURE; 29 RELEARN; 30 SUSPECT; 31 YIELDED.

DOWN:—1 JOHNSON; 2 SUB ROSA; 3 IMAGE; 4 ADDRESS; 5 SPANIEL; 6 HAUNT; 7 MONSOON; 8 RISINGS; 15 COO; 17 MAN; 18 TICKETS; 19 SATRAPS; 20 EVEREST; 21 JEFFREY; 22 ARMBAND; 23 YEARNED; 25 ROUSE; 27 SALVE.

in the use of Marxian historical technique in appraising Europe "on the eve," then Dr. Lin Yutang may not be wrong in using the same technique in judging contemporary China. He is trying to give us another view of alleged facts. He asks for more honesty and less concealment of material. Mr. Snow wants us to see facts only as he sees them. For him there are not only no other facts but no other side to the picture.

According to Mr. Snow, only those who assume the intellectual integrity of Stalinism have intellectual health. Apparently, as Ralph Bates has said, slavery as a necessary implementation to a better social order is no longer a question of morality but of expediency.

REUBEN S. FLACKS

Chicago, Ill., April 6

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